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THE CROSSLEYS OF HALIFAX.

DR. WHITAKER, in his "Loidis and Elmete," published in 1816, took occasion to express his regret that Halifax had "declined into manufactures." More than that, the people engaged in the new industries—which, despite all that the reverend antiquary said, were drawing wealth and population to the town—did not find favour in his eyes, for he makes the remark that the stranger going amongst them "was shocked by a tone of defiance in every voice, and an air of fierceness in every countenance." Doubtless, the rush and hurry of business, now that steam was the ruling power and machinery was replacing manual labour on all sides, would be somewhat disconcerting to the learned recluse, who lived in the past rather than in the present; and the manners and customs of a community just beginning to throw off the yoke of menial servitude and feel the delights of independence would perhaps be too self-assertive for his comfort. But the new force which had been set at work in Halifax was destined to make its impress upon the history of the town in a degree far more marked than all the chapters of incidents and accidents, murders and romance, upon which Dr. Whitaker loved so much to dwell. Interesting it was, no doubt, to recall the time when the site of the parish church (a building which itself dates back to the twelfth century) was a hermitage embosomed in woods, to which pilgrims from distant parts came to tender their devotion; interesting it was to think of the days when the great hills which rise on either side of the Halifax valley were a bleak, sterile wilderness into which the herdsman and his flocks did not dare to enter; interesting it was to remember the time when the Flemish weavers, expelled from their native country by persecution, took refuge in the district in the reign of Edward III., introducing not only their handicraft but something of their speech, as is supposed to be evidenced by the once popular distich,

"Goid brade, botter and sheese,
Is goid Halifax, and goid Friese;"

interesting it was to tell of the Halifax gibbet, the forerunner of the guillotine, by which offenders guilty of stealing any commodity of the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny during the period extending from 1541 to 1650 were decapitated; interesting it was to remember that Dr. Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, had been born in the parish, and that Daniel Defoe wrote his "Robinson Crusoe" in Halifax, while hiding there to escape punishment for his political denunciations; all these things were a pleasure and a joy to the heart of the historian; but he looked with horror and dismay upon the change which was being wrought in the aspect of the hills and valleys where industrial enterprise had settled itself, where the solitudes were becoming peopled by a race of workers very different from the labourers of the fields and gardens, and where there seemed to be an awakening into new life which threatened the complete obliteration of all things pastoral, and slow, and ancient.

At the time when Dr. Whitaker vented his wrath upon the "new men" of Halifax, two names which later on were to exercise a potent influence in the life and work of the district had already begun to be familiar in commercial circles. These were the Crossleys and the Akroyds. The latter were engaged in the worsted trade; the former were manufacturers of carpets. Both firms rose to great eminence. Together, they probably contributed more than all other local enterprises combined to make Halifax the prosperous town it is to-day, and their histories form remarkable chapters in the story of England's industrial progress. It is, however, with the Crossleys only that we propose to deal in the present article.

The founder of the firm was John Crossley, a member of an old Yorkshire family which had long been settled in the locality. John Crossley learned the business of carpet-weaving with an uncle, and afterwards took the management of a small carpet-manufacturing establishment carried on by Mr. Job Lees, in Lower George Yard, Halifax. He seems to have owed much of the good fortune which afterwards fell to him to the kindly help and wise counsel which he received from his wife, who was the daughter of a neighbouring farmer named Abraham Turner. Martha Turner was one of those homely Yorkshire maidens whose presence is a brightness and whose influence is a charm. Dr. Smiles has deemed this excellent Yorkshire woman worthy of a place amongst his examples of the force of thrift. He tells us that Martha, when about fifteen years old, went as a servant to a Miss Oldfield, at Warley. "In that service, in her own person, she did the work of kitchen-maid, housemaid, and cook, and in addition to that, she milked four or five cows night and morning. She remained about ten years with Miss Oldfield. Her wages were at first fifteen-pence a week; after two years, they were increased to eighteen-pence; and after nine years' service, they

were increased to six guineas a year. Yet during that time Martha Turner saved thirty pounds by sheer thrift." It is then related how Martha made the acquaintance of her future husband. In the Manuscript Memoir of her life she thus told the story of their courtship: "When I went to the gate one evening there was a young man standing there, who asked me if I wanted a sweetheart. I answered, 'Not I, marry! I want no sweethearts.' I then went into the house and left him. I saw the same young man frequently about, but did not speak to him for years after. His name was John Crossley. When my mistress ascertained his object she did all she could to set me against him. She told me that when she was a girl she had gone to a boarding-school kept by a Mrs. Crossley—that her husband's name was Tom Crossley, the grandfather of this very man that was courting me—and that a wilder, idler scapegrace she never knew. She always said, when she saw him coming, 'There's young Crossley come again.' One day I received a love-letter from him, which I could now repeat word for word. I had several other suitors, but none were so persevering as John Crossley. He pressed me very much to have him. At last he sent me a letter to say that a house was vacant in Lower George Yard, close to the works he was managing, and that it was a great chance to meet with one so convenient. I told him that I was going home to spend the 5th of November, and would pass that way and look at the house, which I did. When I got home I asked my parents for their consent. They did not object to it much at the time; but I had not been at Miss Oldfield's more than a day or two before they sent over my sister Grace to say that they would not give their consent to the match, and that if I insisted on being married to John Crossley they would never look me in the face again. So soon as my sister was gone I retired in a most distressed state of feeling to my bedroom, and opened my book that was the preparation for the sacrament, and the first place at which I opened I read these words: 'When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.' This comforted me very much. I felt that the Lord was with me in this matter and I could no longer doubt which was the path of duty. * * * I decided to accept John Crossley's offer, and we were married on the 28th day of January, 1800." Dr. Smiles adds "Mr. Crossley never did a better day's work than in marrying his excellent and noble wife. From that day forward she was his helper, his co-worker, his consoler. She assisted her husband in all his struggles and in a certain sense she was the backbone of the Crossley family."

For a time John Crossley and his wife continued to reside in the little house in the Lower George Yard, and very happy and comfortable they were there. Mr. Crossley retained his position as manager of the carpet works of Mr. Job Lees, until that gentleman's death, when Mr. Crossley and a couple of friends

united their resources and bought the plant, carrying on the business in partnership for a while. Differences presently arose between them, however, and John Crossley entered into partnership relations with his brother Thomas and Mr. James Travers. They took Dean Clough Mill, then a very small place, on lease, and there carried on the business of worsted spinning chiefly. "At the same time," to quote from "Thrift," "John Crossley continued to spin and dye the yarns and to manage the looms of the firm which he had left. In fact, the dyeing and spinning for the old firm formed a considerable part of the business of the new one. Then came a crisis. The old firm took away their work: they sent the wool to be spun and the yarn to be dyed elsewhere. This was a great blow; but eventually it was got over by extra diligence, energy, and thrift—Mrs. Crossley herself taking a full share in the labours and responsibility of her husband." The nature of their undertaking at this time, and the manner in which they worked, it will be best gathered from Mrs. Crossley's own words. "In addition to the carpet-making," she says, "we carried on the manufacture of shalloons and plainbacks, the whole of which I managed myself, so far as putting out the warps and weft, and taking in from the weavers. We had at one time as many as a hundred and sixty hand weavers on these goods. We sold the principal part of them in London. We had also about four looms making brace webs and body belts. The produce of these looms I sold principally to the Irish, who made them up into braces and hawked them about the country. I also made and stitched, with assistance, all the carpets that we sold retail. I used to get up to work by four o'clock in the morning, and being very diligent, I have usually earned two shillings before breakfast, by the time that my neighbours were coming downstairs."

At this period the carpet trade could hardly be said to have become firmly established in the West Riding; it was only carried on here and there in a small way, for as yet the demand for carpets was by no means universal. They were the luxury of the rich, and years had to elapse before, by the well-directed exertions of such men as John Crossley, they could be produced at a cheap enough rate to admit of their being introduced into the homes of the poor. Carpets and civilization may be considered to have advanced together. There was a time when the floors of the royal palace were strewn with rushes, in which were only half-hidden the odds and ends that were thrown from the table, mingled with the mire that was brought in by ill-shod feet from the unpaved roads. The rush-strewer was an important official of the royal household, and the rush-bearings which are still familiar festivals in the country places are but the remnant of the ancient usage connected with the days of rush-strewn floors. It is mentioned as a special feature of the luxurious style of living adopted by Thomas à Becket that his dining-room floor was

daily covered with straw or hay in winter, and with green branches in summer, that the guests for whom there was not room at the board might sit on the floor without fear of soiling their clothes. Then came the first rude carpets of plaited rushes, after which the era of carpets was not long in following. In the east these accompaniments of luxury were used for centuries before they found their way to the cold northern latitudes where they were capable of being still better appreciated. From China and India they were carried forward to Egypt, and spread "beneath the ivory feet of purple-cushioned couches," as Plautus tells us; from Babylon to Greece, from Greece to Rome, the history of the carpet may be traced. The Moors took them into Spain, and being seen there by the Venetians, their introduction into Italy, and thence westward to England, was soon afterwards an accomplished fact. It was not, however, until the Edict of Nantes sent to our shores large bodies of weavers, in 1685, that the manufacture of carpets came to be one of the recognized industries of the country; and to the fact that many of the foreign refugees settled in the Halifax district we owe the setting up in the carpet-making business of Mr. John Crossley, although such strong individuality, talent, and diligence as he possessed would have forced its way to the front in some other direction if the carpet-trade had not been there for him to take up. He and his admirable wife stuck well to their work at Dean Clough, and the place prospered in their hands, although the struggle for success was a harder matter in those days than it is even now. The partnership between himself, his brother, and Mr. Travers lasted twenty years, and at the end of that time they found they had £4,200 to share between them—fourteen hundred pounds each—so they dissolved the connection amicably, and John Crossley kept on the business thenceforth in his own name, until his sons John, Joseph, and Francis were old enough to be brought into the firm, from which time the undertaking was carried on under the style of John Crossley and Sons, the title which the firm still bears.

In a speech delivered by one of these sons, Sir Francis Crossley, on the occasion of the opening of the People's Park at Halifax, the references made to the founder of the firm and his wife (the parents of the speaker) were of a most interesting character. Speaking of the time when his mother, Martha Crossley, used to go to her daily work at the mill at Dean Clough, he said, "As she was going down the yard at four o'clock one morning, she made this vow, 'If the Lord does bless us at this place, the poor shall taste of it.' It is to this vow, given with so much faithfulness, and kept with so much fidelity, that I attribute the great success which my father had in business. My mother was always looking how she could best keep this vow. In the days that are gone by, when it was a dreary thing to give employment to a large number of people, the advice that she gave to her sons was, 'Do not sell

your goods for less than they cost, for it would ruin you without permanently benefiting any one; but if you can go on giving employment during the winter, do so, for it is a bad thing for a working man to go home and hear his children cry for bread, when he has none to give them."

Trade prospered with John Crossley and Sons, and when in 1837 John Crossley died, he had the satisfaction of seeing the business which he and his wife had established in a flourishing and prosperous condition, his sons well accustomed to all the details of the business and full of energy and capacity, and his name held in honour and esteem by his fellow townspeople. His family consisted of eight children; his wife survived him, and not only saw the Dean Clough mill become the property of her sons, who purchased it from Messrs. Waterhouse, but lived to see great extensions made, and the business increased to proportions which to her would seem enormous, small even as that would be to the gigantic concern which it subsequently became. Mrs. Crossley lived to the age of eighty. "She lived to see her children's children's children," said her son, "and one of the greatest treats she had in her old age was to fix a mirror in her room so that while lying in bed she could see the happy countenances of those who were going to work or coming back again."

After the death of John Crossley, the founder of the firm of John Crossley and Sons, the responsibilities of management devolved upon the three sons, John, Joseph and Francis, and they worked together with so much agreement and harmony of purpose, that they succeeded in building up a business the operations of which extended to all parts of the globe, a business which ultimately grew to be one of the first magnitude amongst the commercial enterprises of the kingdom. It would be difficult perhaps, to say what particular portion of this success was contributed by each of the three brothers; each filled the place he was best fitted for in the management of the concern, and when "enterprises of great pith and moment" had to be entered upon, it was the united force of the three that carried them to the point of execution. It has been said, however, that to Francis, the younger of the three sons, the honour is to be awarded of being the projector and creator of new schemes and ventures, and that to his sagacity and determination many of the chief successes achieved by the firm were due. At the time John Crossley's three sons took their place in the works at Dean Clough, the transition from the hand-loom to the power-loom was being completed in the cotton and worsted trades, and they looked forward to the time when the same agency should be brought to bear upon the carpet trade, although the difficulties in the way were very great. The energetic action of the Crossleys, however, aided by the inventive skill which they had the good sense to employ, ultimately succeeded in bringing about the desired result. Francis Crossley had watched

the course of the power-loom with jealous interest, and after seeing it applied with success to the linen manufacture at Barnsley by Mr. George Collier for Messrs. Thomas Taylor & Sons of that town, he felt more than ever inclined to try the experiment in his own trade. In the spring of 1850, therefore, he invited Mr. Collier over to Halifax to see him, and he then put the question to the inventor, whether he did not think he could accomplish as much for the carpet as he had done for the linen manufacture. It was admitted that the conditions were less favourable, but an inventor never despairs of being able to work out any mechanical problem in which there lurks the remotest chance of success, so Mr. Collier undertook to do his best to meet Mr. Crossley's wishes. Failure had theretofore attended all efforts that had been made in this direction. Mr. John Hill of Manchester, and Mr. Wood of Pontefract, both claimed to have mastered the difficulty, and had taken patents out for power-loom for weaving carpets, but the inventions would not stand the test of practical application. Messrs. Crossley had themselves expended large sums of money in the purchase of patent rights, and had had a number of looms constructed according to Hill's models, but after being tried for a few months they had to be abandoned. The prospect was therefore not altogether rosy when Mr. Collier came upon the scene; still he set himself to his task with a good heart, and not very long afterwards paid a second visit to Mr. Francis Crossley at Dean Clough, bringing with him this time a model of a loom the special feature whereof was what was called a "wire motion." The junior partner made a careful examination of the model, and at once perceived that it was a decided advance upon the inventions of Hill and Wood; the result was that before Mr. Collier returned to Barnsley he was engaged to take up a profitable position in the works at Dean Clough, for the express purpose of perfecting a power-loom for the weaving of tapestry and Brussels carpets. Then followed a most anxious period both for the inventor and Messrs. Crossley. Mr. Collier's model was as yet but an idea; when he came to try to work it out, obstacle after obstacle presented itself, and there were times when the attainment of success seemed impossible. But if the inventor sometimes lost faith in himself, Francis Crossley never withdrew from him his full faith and confidence, and this it was, more than all else, that supported Collier in his patient efforts to conquer his task. Much money was spent by the firm in carrying out the various experiments proposed by him from time to time—experiments which only too often carried them no nearer to the goal at which they aimed—but, through all, his employers gave him hope and encouragement, and in the end the reward came for all this harassing toil, this expenditure of money and skill, this waiting and hoping, and the inventor constructed a carpet power-loom which successfully passed the ordeal of trial and proved a commercial triumph.

All other carpet looms were now superseded, and Collier's patent took its place amongst the most remarkable inventions of the age. Messrs. Crossley and Sons lost no time in taking full advantage of the new machine, and the walls of the Dean Clough Mills were soon echoing the sound of scores of looms of which steam was the motive power. It was a complete revolution. Their capacities of production were increased twelve or fourteen fold at a stroke, and the cost of manufacture was reduced in a corresponding ratio. For all that Mr. Collier was not satisfied with his carpet-loom, but worked away at it, adding improvement after improvement, taking out patent upon patent, until he had more than accomplished the task he had set himself. A patent was taken out by him on the last day of the year 1851 for a new loom for weaving velvets as well as carpets, this patent including several valuable improvements communicated by Mr. E. B. Bigelow, an American inventor. Messrs. John Crossley and Sons thus became the proprietors of a series of patent rights which were of great value, and for many years yielded them an immense revenue. Every carpet manufacturer in the kingdom found it necessary to adopt Mr. Collier's loom and discard the old hand-loom, or give up the competition in disgust, so that for a time the Crossleys enjoyed a practical monopoly of the trade. The fortunes of the Crossleys were now made; they leaped, almost at a bound, from a position of moderate success, to one of unbounded prosperity; wealth poured in upon them at an almost unparalleled rate, and their patents and their goods found their way into all the markets of the world. The pace that was now demanded of them was something marvellous; but they proved themselves equal to it. They extended their works at an amazing rate, and in every department of their operations provided themselves with the best skill that could be procured. In his own province Mr. Collier was, of course supreme; but he had the good fortune to find in John Marsden, an undoubted mechanical genius, and Charles Barraclough two able if comparatively unknown coadjutors in the working out of his inventions and adaptations.

Messrs. John Crossley & Sons were now possessed of unequalled facilities of production, and they resolved that they would remain unequalled also in the quality of their goods. One of the maxims inculcated by the originator of the business was, "Let each carpet be its own traveller." Up to this principle his sons always acted, and year by year succeeded in turning out carpets of more dazzling beauty, more elegant design, and more attractiveness of colour than the carpets which had previously held the market. To this end much artistic talent was employed in the evolution of designs, the business being conducted throughout with an amount of energy that put the efforts of their competitors into the shade. And so the firm rose to wealth and fame, and the

three sons of John Crossley acquired distinction both as princes of industry and as public citizens. It will be an interesting study to trace the more prominent incidents of their several careers; and with this view we will begin with an outline of the life of Francis, the youngest son, whose good fortune it was to touch a point of social success which perhaps brought him into greater notice than his brothers.

Francis Crossley devoted his remarkable energies almost exclusively to the promotion of his business advancement, until the year 1852, when the Liberals of Halifax prevailed upon him to come forward as their candidate, and he was returned to Parliament. In politics, like the rest of his family, he was a somewhat pronounced Liberal, and advocated views of reform which at that time were considered to be extreme. He was, however, as courageous in these matters as in others, and did not choose to trim his political sails to catch the varying wind of popular favour, but stuck manfully to his Radical programme, which he had settled according to his convictions, and left the rest to time and fate. In the House of Commons he was faithful and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and both by speech and vote rendered valuable assistance to what he considered to be the popular cause. He sat for his native town until 1859, when he was asked to contest the West Riding. It was with some misgiving that his friends watched the progress of the campaign which he then undertook in conjunction with Sir John Ramsden. Mr. James Stuart Wortley was the Conservative candidate, and with his powerful family influence he was looked upon as a formidable opponent to fight. The result, however, showed that Mr. Crossley had been justified in the step he had taken, for he was returned, and from that time to the passing of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill he continued to represent the Riding, and after that until his death, he sat, with the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, for the Northern Division of the Riding.

After his fortune had been established Francis Crossley proved the nobility of his character by a series of munificent benefactions which have left their impress for all time. First of all, he enriched the charities of the town in which he had made his wealth, and in many notable ways gave of his means in order to advance the comfort of the poor. In 1855 he gave to the inhabitants of Halifax a park, twelve acres and a half in extent, called the People's Park. This was done at a cost of £35,000; and he subsequently gave to the Corporation a sum of £6,300 to be invested for its maintenance. He has himself related how during a sojourn in the United States in 1855, the thought of making this gift first occurred to him. He said—it was at the time of the opening of the park—"What I am about to say now is what I have not told my dearest friend, not even the fair partner of my life, but when she reads the report of what I am

about to say, she will remember that on the occasion when I returned from the walk I am about to relate, I asked her where those words were to be found in the Bible, 'The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all.' On the 10th of September, 1855, I left Quebec early in the morning for the White Mountains of the United States. I remember passing through some of the most glorious scenery on that day which I ever saw in my life; and, indeed, more beautiful I believe than steam and power have brought us within sight of. I stood inside the cars, from which I could see the tops of the mountains covered with all-glorious beauty. * * * I remember that when we arrived at the hotel at White Mountains, the ladies sat down to a cup of tea, but I preferred to take a walk alone. It was a beautiful spot. The sun was just then reclining his head behind Mount Washington, with all that glorious drapery of an American sunset which we know nothing of in this country. I felt that I should like to be walking with my God on the earth. I said, 'What shall I render to my Lord for all his benefits to me?' I was led further to repeat that question which Paul asked under other circumstances—'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' The answer came immediately. It was this: 'It is true thou can'st not bring the many thousands thou hast left in thy native country to see this beautiful scenery; but thou can'st take this to them. It is possible so to arrange art and nature that they shall be within the walk of every working-man in Halifax; that he shall go to take his stroll there after he has done his hard day's toil, and be able to get home again without being tired.' Well, that seemed to be a glorious thought! I retired home. My prayer that night was that in the morning I might be satisfied when I awoke that if it was only a mere thought that was fluttering across my brain it might be gone, but that if there was reality about it there might be no doubt about it, and I might carry it into execution. I slept soundly that night and when I awoke my impression was confirmed. On the 10th of September, when I went to the White Mountains, I had no more idea of making a park than any one here of building a city. On the very day I returned I felt as convinced to carry it out as I was of my own existence, and never from that day to this have I hesitated for a moment. Whenever difficulties arose I knew they might be overcome, and would be overcome. It is a happy day for me, that I am permitted to see that result." It was by acts like these, and speeches like these, so full of homely sentiment and good feeling, and so instinct with religious thought, that Francis Crossley endeared himself to the people amongst whom he lived. Whatever honour or distinction fell to him he still regarded himself as a man of the people, and sought not to plant himself on a different level. On the very occasion to which we have referred he strove to impress this feeling upon his hearers.

"Had I been of noble birth," he said, "or traced my origin to those who came in with William the Conqueror, however true it might be, it would not have been good, it would even be boastful to have done so. But since I am of humble birth, perhaps it will be allowed to me to say a little of those who ought to share the honour which is heaped upon me," and he went on to refer to the early history of his mother and father, speaking with a filial devotion that touched all hearts of their many noble qualities.

Not long afterwards a statue of the donor of the park was erected by public subscription, and placed in the park "as a tribute of gratitude and respect to one whose public benefactions and private virtues deserve to be remembered." The statue is a noble work of art and was executed by Mr. Durham, the well-known sculptor.

In 1855 Francis Crossley erected and endowed twenty-two almshouses near his own residence in Halifax, "in testimony of his gratitude to Almighty God, and with the view of benefiting those of his fellow-townsmen and others who may be in need of the assistance hereby provided for them." The endowment provides an allowance to each male inmate of 8s. 6d. a week, and to each female inmate 6s.

A baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1863, in acknowledgment of his commercial and public services; the distinction was well deserved and was borne without ostentation. He continued to perform his parliamentary duties zealously, and in all public movements of a philanthropic nature he was always to be relied upon for help. In 1869, Sir Francis started on a proposed journey to the Holy Land and Egypt, but he was overtaken by illness and did not proceed beyond Rome. He shortly returned to England and went for rest and quiet to his residence in Suffolk, Somerleyton, where his health improved somewhat, but he never completely recovered, although he was able to pay some slight attention to his business and public affairs for a time. Towards the close of 1871, however, he grew much worse, and on the 5th of January, 1872, breathed his last at his residence, Belle Vue, Halifax. Never was citizen more deeply regretted. He was accorded a public funeral, which was one of the most impressive ceremonies of the kind ever witnessed in Yorkshire. Lady Crossley survived him, and also his only child, the present Sir Savile Brinton Crossley, Bart., who was born in 1857, and resides chiefly at Somerleyton. Sir Savile Crossley has a considerable interest in the Dean Clough business, but takes no active part in the management.

Amongst the benefactions by Sir Francis Crossley we ought not to omit to mention a donation of £10,000, in 1870, to the London Missionary Society, and a gift of a like sum for establishing a fund for aged ministers and ministers' widows belonging to the Congregationalists.

Sir Francis Crossley was a man of indomitable energy and great force of character, a man of strict integrity and of unbounded charity; his business life was, for a quarter of a century, an unceasing toil, early and late, and though the reward he won was undoubtedly great, the strain thus put upon his constitution had the effect of impairing his health, and he died at the age of 54, in the height of his fame and prosperity. His good deeds, however, live after him, and for all time to come his name will be regarded with veneration and affection by the people of Halifax for whom he and his brothers did so much.

John Crossley was the eldest of the three brothers. One who knew him intimately—the Rev. Dr. Mellor—has said of him, that he was “a plain man, simple as a child, artless, unambitious of name or honours, content to do good and to be hidden behind the good he did, and to die where his work was done, if not forgotten, at least without the incense of human adulation.” He had not the strong will and determination of purpose which gave to his brothers Francis and Joseph a powerfully marked individuality, but was from first to last a Christian gentleman and a philanthropist, who seemed to live for others more than for himself. Amongst the religious community whose doctrines he held—the Congregationalists—he was an untiring worker, and as a deacon of Square Chapel was an earnest, generous-hearted helper. He placed himself amongst the poorest members of the church, an equal among equals, paying the most courteous deference to the opinion of the humblest in the flock, leaving his own judgment to pass for its own weight and worth, and ready to help forward any plan of church work which the majority might see good to adopt. As a philanthropist he was found side by side with such men as the late Sir Titus Salt and Mr. Samuel Morley, his gifts to the cause of religion and education being of the most munificent character. It was far from being his desire to be placed in any prominent position before the public, still, his connection with the eminent firm of John Crossley and Sons, and his vast wealth, constituted such a claim to distinction in the eyes of his town’s people that they were unwilling to allow him to pass his life in the retirement which would have been most congenial to him. Accordingly, he was asked to take part in the work of the Town Council on the incorporation of Halifax as a borough in 1848, and consented. In the following year he was elected Mayor, and filled the office for two years. From 1848 to 1868 he continued to be a member of the Council, and in 1861 and 1862 again occupied the office of chief magistrate. During the last year of his mayoralty he had the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales as his guest, on the occasion of his Royal Highness visiting the town for the purpose of opening the Town Hall, when Mr. Crossley’s splendid hospitality won for him universal admiration. He also served the town for

some years as a member of the School Board. A yet higher honour awaited him in 1874, when, on the retirement of Mr. Edward Akroyd from the representation of the borough, he was elected M.P., although the condition of his health precluded him from taking any part in the contest. The Right Hon. James Stansfeld was his colleague, and when the result of the poll was declared it was found that Mr. Crossley headed the list. Mr. Stansfeld was also returned, the Conservative candidate, Mr. H. McCrea, being rejected. Mr. Crossley was able to attend to his parliamentary duties for a time with regularity, his health being slightly improved, and although seldom taking any prominent part in the business of the House, there were times when his special knowledge and influence proved of considerable service. For instance, on the second reading of the Factory Acts Amendment Bill, in 1874, he delivered a speech in which he put the case of the manufacturers, who were opposed to further legislation, with a good deal of ability.

Mr. John Crossley's parliamentary career was not destined to be of long duration, unfortunately, and the circumstances which led to his retirement were of a very painful nature. His own goodness of heart and simplicity of character led him into what his stronger-willed brothers would have had no hesitation in calling weaknesses. Referring to this trait of Mr. Crossley's disposition Dr. Mellor says, "His name for benevolence spread through the nations, and men who knew nothing but his name, and who had no conceivable claim upon his help, plied him with appeals, oft with but scant modesty and consideration, as if he were possessed of all the wealth of the Indies. Morning by morning for years the usual bundle of circulars and letters came with their plans, elevations, and entreaties, and, until the evening of his days began to throw its shadow over his life and fortune, few of these, too few, were 'sent away empty.' But letters were not all. His time was largely taken up by deputations from far and near on begging expeditions, for it became only too well known that if Mr. Crossley could muster sufficient self-control to decline a written request, he was no match for a personal appeal. This was an amiable foible, but it was also a fatal one, and contributed in no mean degree towards that reverse of circumstances which saddened, I cannot say embittered, his closing years. * * * He could not bear the sight of sorrow of any kind without doing his best to relieve it. The very way to his house might be traced by the number of those who had managed deservingly or otherwise to become pensioners upon his bounty. Possession was taken of the gates of his grounds, and the doors of his house, and of his hours for meals, by importunate suitors for his charity, who had learned, in some cases only too well, that he would not and could not say them nay." But beyond this free-handed charity, Mr. Crossley permitted speculators in risky, and often worthless,

ventures to get hold of him, and in this way he ultimately met misfortune. Bubble companies, that his money had helped to float, burst; and schemes which in their projection had appeared to him of colossal magnitude and importance fell to the ground. He invested in coal and iron mines at a period of remarkable inflation, and was of such a sanguine and hopeful nature, and relied so much upon the promises of men whom he hardly knew, that in the end there came a collapse which brought him to the brink of ruin, and left him a comparatively poor man. From being a millionaire he dropped, with a suddenness almost unparalleled, to a position bordering on dependence, the magnificent establishment at Manor Heath, where a few years before he had acted as host to the Prince of Wales, being broken up, and all his wealth dispersed to satisfy the demands of the demon of speculation. Mr. Crossley retired from parliamentary life when he saw that the thunderbolt of ruin could no longer be averted, but in retiring from the representation which he held three years, he carried with him into the seclusion of private life the deep respect and esteem of his townspeople, and their sincere regret at the unfortunate circumstances which had led to the severance of the connection. His constituents would fain have had him withdraw his resignation; but the die was cast; he would not turn back upon a public career with a shadow hanging round his name, so, in the end, the resignation was reluctantly accepted. Shortly afterwards, Mr. James Stansfeld, addressing his constituents at Halifax, paid the following tribute to Mr. John Crossley. He said, "Since I last had the honour of addressing you I have lost a colleague; there has been a change in the representation of Halifax. No man has ever carried into retirement more completely the love and respect of his constituents and of the inhabitants of the town which gave him birth than John Crossley has done, and his name, associated with a life which never, even in a passing moment, stooped to any selfish act—a name borne by others also as worthy as himself—will descend in the memory of successive generations of this town, when he shall have passed away, in their loving, in their respectful, in their regretful remembrance." Not less affectionate and warm were the sentiments of Mr. Hutchinson, M.P., who succeeded Mr. Crossley, on that occasion.

John Crossley's life was practically over. His health now gave way again, and on the 16th of April, 1879, he died at Broomfield, Halifax, the residence of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Marchetti. His funeral was not less impressive than that of his brother, Sir Francis Crossley, had been seven years before.

Mr. Joseph Crossley, the other of the three sons of the founder of the Crossley firm, did not figure in public life in any form. He was essentially a business man, and although he devoted much of his wealth to practical charity, and in the realms of religion, and philanthropy bore an honoured name, it was as the working

partner of the Dean Clough enterprise that he made his energy of character chiefly felt. It was under his direct superintendence that most of the building extensions at Dean Clough were carried into effect, and to him, in a very great degree, was due the successful working of the vast establishment which was under his constant care. His death occurred in September, 1868.

One of the noblest monuments of the benevolence of the three brothers is to be seen in the Crossley Orphan Home and School, which was built by them at a cost of £50,000, and endowed with about £3,000 a year. It is a handsome structure, standing in a healthy situation, and was opened in 1864. It was designed to afford orphan children a liberal education, with board and lodging, and accommodates from 200 to 300 children of both sexes. Each child is required to pay from £5 to £10 a year as an acknowledgment, with the exception of 40, who are on the foundation. Children are admitted from six years of age and upwards, the boys being kept until they are 15 and the girls till they are 17 years of age.

In 1864 the firm resolved itself into a limited liability company, when one-fifth of the share capital was allotted amongst their work-people, the Crossley family themselves retaining four-fifths of the shares. In order not to debar those who were unable to take up shares themselves, the firm lent them the money, with the condition that the interest on their shares should accumulate until the value of them should be covered. It was an immense undertaking, but it was successfully worked through. The paid-up capital of the company was £1,187,970. The present directors are Mr. Edward Crossley (chairman), eldest son of the late Mr. Joseph Crossley; Mr. Louis John Crossley, only son of the second John Crossley; Mr. Henry Crossley, third son of the late Mr. Joseph Crossley; Mr. G. Marchetti, who married the youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Crossley, M.P.; and Mr. John Leach, who acts as secretary as well as director. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Leach entered the office of the Dean Clough works as a lad, and by his industry and talent gradually worked his way up to his present position.

Mr. Edward Crossley is the present mayor of Halifax. He also filled the same office from 1874 to 1876. Both he and Mr. Louis John Crossley have acquired considerable notice for their scientific attainments. The traditions of the firm are well adhered to by the managing spirits, who have now the control of the extensive business carried on under the name of John Crossley & Sons, Limited, and although the conditions of working have been much altered since the company was formed, the directorate have always been alive to the best interests of their undertaking, and have kept pace with the times. Old markets have been lost through the operation of prohibitive tariffs, new ones have been opened to them in spite of such opposition, and both at home and abroad

they have been able to keep up such an attractive display of novelties that they have more than held their ground.

It will be interesting, now that we have given some account of the lives of the men who were mainly concerned in laying the foundations of the prosperity of this eminent firm, to glance briefly at the works at Dean Clough, where the carpet manufacture is at present carried on with so much success.

The Dean Clough mills lie in a great, picturesque hollow above which the town of Halifax rises, the hills on either side being steep and rugged. Beacon Hill—so called from its having been the place where centuries ago the beacon light was set burning in times of danger—looks frowningly down upon the town, and is not far distant from the seven immense mills which constitute this industrial colony, its precipitous side showing houses perched here and there in seeming disregard of difficulty of access.

The roads from Dean Clough are all on the slope, and are bordered by sturdy-looking stone houses which match well with the general scene. The seven mills are distinguished by alphabetical appellations, from A to G, and, with the warehouses, offices, dyehouses, and workshops by which they are surrounded, present an aggregation of manufacturing premises of wonderful extent and completeness. A squareness of aspect pervades the whole of the buildings, and as they stand there in massive proportions, with bridges connecting one group with another and great chimneys rising to an immense height above them, they tell a tale of commercial enterprise that is of absorbing interest. The buildings range in height from seven to ten stories, and in some of the mills show a frontage of not less than 340 feet. Viewed from the vantage ground of the North Bridge, the Dean Clough valley seems to be filled, as far as the eye can reach, with factory buildings, the area covered by the works being fifteen acres. In the various operations carried on at Dean Clough about 5,000 hands are employed.

It would be impossible to follow the course of this gigantic business through all its ramifications in a single article; we will content ourselves therefore with a rapid survey of the leading features of the main branch of the manufacture. Before doing so, however, it may be as well to explain that the whole of the processes, from the point at which the raw material is brought into the works to the time when as finished goods it goes out into the markets of the world, are performed at Dean Clough. Their business includes the manufacture of carpets, rugs, and table-covers of the description called "tapestry," the production of Brussels carpets of every variety, and the making of rugs and carpets in which the texture is a combination of materials that yield striking results in close resemblance to sealskin, mohair, &c. There are three leading processes. In the manufacture of

"tapestry" carpets the yarn is printed, according to the required colours and design, while on a drum; for the making of Brussels carpets the yarn has to be dyed before being sent to the loom, and the patterns are wrought by the Jacquard engine, with its "house of cards" over each loom; and then, for "finger" rugs, there is the hand process.

Visiting the warehouses where tremendous piles of wool, cotton, and hemp lie stored ready for being put under manipulation, we are astounded at the vastness of the firm's dealings at the outset, for in these rooms is raw material to the value of untold thousands. The wool is washed, dried, and carded or combed in the same as for the worsted manufacture. Then it is "drawn" and spun to the desired strength and thickness, being twisted and doubled to an amazing degree. The yarn is then reeled into hanks, after which it is purged of oily impurities by being submitted to the scouring and cleaning process, and bleached and dried, and wound upon bobbins. If intended to appear before the world as Brussels carpets, the yarn is now ready for the dyehouse; while if for "tapestry" or velvet pile carpet, it has to go to be printed. "The method adopted for the production of the 'tapestry' and velvet-pile consists in printing a pattern upon the warp threads," we are told, "while arranged in a parallel series ready for the loom, and then weaving these threads into a fabric. In order that large quantities of such warps may be rapidly and economically printed, the clean yarn is wound from the bobbins upon huge wooden drums, some of which are eighteen feet in diameter, in one layer only, six, eight, or even twelve hanks of yarn going upon one drum. A small trough, containing colouring matter, in which there revolves a disc, is then passed under the drum, across its width or thickness, and marks upon the yarn a stripe of colour the width of the edge of the disc. The drum, which is all the while suspended upon a horizontal axis, is then slightly turned, and another trough with some other colour determined by the pattern to be made is passed under it, producing another coloured stripe next to the one at first printed. The process is continued until the entire circumference of the drum has rows of various colours drawn across it. As many times as a thread can be wound around it, so many lengths will there be of similarly-coloured threads, each of which will go to form one thread for the warp of a particular-patterned carpet. Thus, if 1,000 threads are printed side by side upon this drum, there is one thread ready for each of 1,000 carpets. By dividing the circumference of the drum into a certain number of parts to correspond to the number of 'scrolls' in a carpet, and by guiding the printing with a 'design-board' similarly divided, the greatest regularity and despatch in the colouring of the threads for various patterns is attained. The process upon the drums is repeated for the different threads in any given pattern, until the

warp is completed in the number of carpets of the particular pattern wanted."

We now see the hanks of many colours taken from the drums on to creels, and subjected, in another department, to the process of steaming, by which the colours are rendered "fast." The greatest precaution has to be observed, however, not to get the yarn mixed, but a system of numbering and classification obtains for the avoidance of mixings and complications. A little army of girls now take the threads in hand and wind them on to bobbins, and then the "setters" take them up and place the threads side by side in the order demanded by the pattern.

"We now have a series of bobbins, corresponding with the number of threads across the warp, arranged, according to the pattern, upon a rack, from which they are drawn parallel to one another upon a frame. It is the duty of the 'setter'—generally the most intelligent of the female operatives in the mills—to see that the threads are so drawn from the bobbins that when side by side and forming a flat surface the pattern upon them shall be clear and distinct, although it is necessarily elongated, to allow for the space taken in by the weft and wire. Here a flaw in the printing, or a wrong number on the rack, is instantly detected and corrected. The 'setter' must see, if necessary, that the legs of all the horses in the patterns are straightened; that the eyes of parrots do not appear away from the parrots' heads; and that leaves and roses do not sprout from the lamb's necks. Such freaks of nature are not allowed upon carpets, and so well-trained and quick are the watchful eyes of the 'setters' as they bend over the slowly advancing threads, so quiet are the 'setters' rooms, that no monstrosities either in the natural or geometrical world ever escape them."

These processes, the description of which we quote from a writer in the *British Trade Journal*, are all of the most interesting character as seen in operation at Dean Clough. The stage has now been reached at which the warps have to be brought into contact with the looms, there to be intermingled with the "backing," which also came into the mills in bales, and has passed through the processes of carding, roving, and spinning, as did the worsted threads. Then we advance upon the weaving department, where still greater cause for wonder awaits us. The array of numberless looms, the stores of patterned warp, smoothly packed on beams, the quantities of yarn for "backing," and the lengths of carpeting as they slowly emerge, amidst an incessant din, from the loom, constitute a sight that will not easily be forgotten. As many as four hundred ponderous looms are to be seen at work in one room, some of the "tapestry" looms being as much as "sixteen quarters" wide. As the light falls from the windows across the gay colours of the webs, with the bright shuttles leaping from side to side—as the rich designs twine

themselves round the beams upon which they repose until the patterns and pieces are worked through—as the weavers keep constant and careful watch over the growing carpet—the whole scene is one of picturesqueness and beauty, despite the clatter and the noise, and the whirr and buzz of wheels, and pulleys, and drums, shaking the building to its foundations. The looms engaged in the weaving of velvet-pile carpets are of a more complicated construction than those which are employed upon the plain-looped “tapestries.” They are fitted with a row of wires, at one end of which are small knives, which cross the warp as though they were weft-threads, and as such they appear to be woven into the fabric, being covered by the warp threads. When a series of eight or ten is thus covered, the wire which was first inserted is, by an ingenious contrivance drawn away horizontally, and the sharp steel blade at its end cuts through the whole breadth of the warp, leaving a row of “pile” threads standing upright, which are held firmly in place by the weft. This process of drawing out the wires one after the other, and then inserting them again, to be covered by new loops of warp-threads, is continued until the entire lengths of the carpeting are woven. A similar process is adopted for the making of velvet-pile Brussels carpets, and for the manufacture of imitation sealskin and mohair.

The department devoted to the weaving of Brussels carpets is perhaps equally interesting. Some of the looms in this department occupy an extraordinary amount of space. Behind them are long frames filled with bobbins of worsted, each thread being of a separate colour throughout. The frames holding these bobbins cover nearly twice as much space as the loom in front of them; in which, we further observe, a number of perforated pieces of cardboard, each about fourteen inches long by three inches in width, jointed together, which topple over, ever and anon, from one part of the loom and appear to vanish among the threads of warp and weft. These looms, which cover about 4,000 square yards of flooring, are making Brussels carpet, and the cards belong to the Jacquard engine. The surface-threads in both “tapestry” and Brussels carpets are looped, and it needs an experienced eye, and perhaps some scrutiny, to say by which process a given carpet has been woven. One of the recent additions to the Dean Clough works is a large new shed, to which the name of the Victoria shed has been given. This is meant to be used chiefly for the weaving of the class of carpets known as “Victoria Squares.” A single loom covers a very large space. Each loom is of a very massive description, every portion of its machinery being of strong and powerful make, while the Jacquard engine that hangs overhead like an immense canopy, with its wonderful array of cards, seems to give to the whole an aspect of still greater solidity. In these looms carpets

four yards in width are woven. Behind stretch the threads of the yarn, on a huge frame. Strong men are there to superintend the operations. There is a Brobdingnagian suggestiveness about the whole scene.

It ought to be mentioned that the whole of the machinery used by the firm is made by themselves, on the spot, and includes many valuable new patents which serve to keep them well in advance of the time with their manufactures. It is the same now as it was when Sir Francis Crossley was one of the ruling spirits at Dean Clough—the inventor is always at work for them, working out improvements; and though many of the patents which brought wealth with them have passed out of the region of protection, others exist which are of infinite service to the company in maintaining its great reputation. From the looms the velvet-pile carpets and rugs are taken to be “cropped,” a process which is to a pile carpet what mowing is to a lawn, producing a surface of fibres of exactly the same length. The Brussels and tapestry carpets and rugs are dried, and their ends are stitched, all the carpets being subjected to a minute inspection before they are passed forward to the store-room ready for despatch to customers.

To the visitor uninitiated in the art and mystery of the carpet-manufacturing processes—one who simply comes to gaze and wonder at the perfection to which the production of carpets has been brought—the preliminary work of making the designs for the thousands of beautiful carpets woven at Dean Clough will be a matter of special delight, for, if he be permitted to inspect the artistic work which is here accomplished, by men who have great natural gifts for design, and who have undergone courses of long training to fit themselves for the tasks to which they now devote their energies, he will see such a variety of designs as will make him think he is in some fairyland of art. Students from the schools of designs find here a fine field for the exercise of their talents, and as fancy after fancy is put upon paper, touched up with brilliant colour here and there, and wrought at last into a settled design, the artist eyes it with as much satisfaction as if he were a Rossetti or a Burne Jones who had just finished the depiction of some “fleshy” maiden upon canvas.

So much depends upon the designs that are produced that, necessarily, the very highest ability must be employed in this department, and it matters not whether the artists be English or Italian, Scotch or French, if they can only give the results that Messrs. Crossley desire. How well they have been served in this branch of their business is sufficiently evidenced by their success. No amount of cheapening of production would have availed them anything if they had not also been able to take the lead in the beauty and originality of their designs. The designs are drawn in the first instance, on paper diced with little squares, and if the

design, as sketched in black and white, is approved, it is then drawn in colours on paper diked with larger squares, containing sub-divisions equal to threads or loops, after the style of Berlin wool-work. It may be that the design is for a rich carpet for the drawing-room of some lordly English mansion; it may be that it is for the carpet of a Mohammedan, who will require that at the hour of prayer the patterns shall always point to Mecca; or it may be that it is for a rug whose destination will be some Roman Catholic church in a remote city of South America. All tastes have to be considered, and all changes of fashion have to be provided for. If the rage is for things æsthetic, Messrs. John Crossley and Sons will take care that their looms give forth a goodly proportion of æsthetic carpets; if the Japanese craze has got possession of the public mind, the firm will see to it that their carpets are radiant with flying storks, and dashing intersections of all kinds of contrasted scenes and colours; and if the taste of the public should be for a brief period in the direction of puritanical purity, they will see that the requirements of plainness and simplicity, soberness and sombreness are duly administered to.

The show-rooms, in which the various samples of the finished carpet are to be seen at Dean Clough, are perhaps the most attractive portion of the establishment, for there it is that the goods can be inspected in all their newness and beauty, ready for transmission to all the ends of the earth. The firm can show 8,000 patterns of tapestry carpets, new and old, and 6,000 patterns of the Brussels class. Furthermore, each pattern is capable of being produced in some ten distinct arrangements of colour, so that the variety of patterns may be said to number 140,000. This is truly marvellous! All the colours of the rainbow are here unfolded before the ravished sight, new colours and old, in all sorts of combinations. As we gaze at the rich piles of floor-coverings—some with rich mosaic-like pattern fit for the adornment of the tent of an Oriental Prince, some in which the dainty arabesques of the Alhambra are reproduced with startling fidelity, some that almost seem alive with well-defined figures of birds and beasts, and some that are so rich, and thick, and velvety as to suggest all the luxury, repose, and noiselessness of a royal palace—as we look upon these works of art and industry, the mind goes back to the far-off places where all these elements of beauty and harmony existed apart from each other, with not even so much sympathy between them as there was between the two palm trees of Heine's immortal verse. We think, perhaps, of the wool coming across the mountain regions of Asia Minor on the backs of mules, or being carried over the sandy plains of Australia by the waggons of the sheep-farming colonist; we think of the "dyes innumerable," that are sent from the lands of the Pacific; and we think of the thousands of human hearts and

brains whose feelings, impulses and prospects have been interwoven with and affected by these splendid products.

It is worth while alluding, also, to the many auxiliary trades which are carried on at Dean Clough—trades which are altogether apart from the actual processes of the carpet manufacture but which are, nevertheless, necessary to its complete working. There is a machine shop, in which over a hundred workmen are constantly employed repairing any breakage or fault that may arise amongst the machinery; there is a large shop where a great number of men are constantly kept sawing, planing, or turning; and there are the dye-houses, in which all the various operations of dyeing are performed, with a success that has had much to do with upholding the firm's prosperity, for upon the superiority of the dye of a carpet its quality and appearance very greatly depend. In the dyeing department, indeed, Messrs. John Crossley and Sons have employed the best available skill, and under the control of their present manager, their achievements in this direction have excited general admiration. The dye-houses cover a large extent of ground, and are fitted up with all the best appliances that modern ingenuity has been able to devise. Messrs. Crossley, it may be added, do a large business in the export of dyed worsted yarns.

Not far from the gates of the works stands the Crossley Institute, established on the Mechanics' Institution principle. It was built and furnished by the firm at a cost of £7,000, exclusive of the value of the land, and contains good circulating and reference libraries, a reading-room, a large lecture and concert hall, billiard rooms, &c. In fact, the Crossley Institute is a working-man's club, where the *employés* can avail themselves of most of the privileges enjoyed by the wealthier classes in clubs of greater pretensions, at the cost of a few pence per quarter. The firm have also established a provident society in connection with the works. The fund for the maintenance of this society is contributed to in a peculiar manner, not by subscriptions regularly levied, or by voluntary donations, but is kept afloat by the fines which late-comers have to bear.

By the side of the main-entrance there is a little office in which a lynx-eyed time-keeper maintains watch and ward. It is this official's duty to see the "hands" in of a morning and at meal-times, and if any one happens to be five minutes late—and in a body of some 5,000 human beings subject to the ordinary incidents and accidents of life there must always be a few, and sometimes a good many, laggards—the time-keeper makes a record of the fact, and when the wage-day arrives a penny is deducted for the benefit of the provident fund, but as all share in the benefits none can grumble at having to pay. Ordinarily, masters make these fines into a provident fund for themselves alone.

All through their long and successful career Messrs. Crossley and Sons have held the most satisfactory and agreeable relations with their workpeople. How harmoniously they have always laboured together was shown by a reference which the late Mr. John Crossley made to the subject on the occasion of the workpeople at Dean Clough presenting him with a testimonial of their esteem shortly before his death. He said, "Within my recollection, the old mill at Dean Clough started at half-past-five in the morning, and worked on with trifling interruption till eight p.m. My father and family removed from the centre of the town in June, 1824, but the old mill had then some years been in his occupation. That same year, at the early age of twelve, I was put to work in the old mill, and with the exception of being sent to school from June, 1825, to June, 1826, I may be said to have been pretty hard at work ever since, a period spreading over fifty-two years. Looking back on this long period of time, it is a real and solid satisfaction to me to be able now to say that, after giving employment to so large a number of workpeople, numbering about 5,000 persons, and of these a large proportion of men, no dispute or misunderstanding has ever occurred but such as was there and then, by mutual compromise, adjusted, with one single exception, nearly forty years ago. We had then, what is now too seriously known as a strike of some ten days' duration." That this could be testified, after so long a connection, said much for the good feeling that had always prevailed between masters and men at Dean Clough. That good feeling still exists, for the same wise generosity that distinguished the founder of the firm and his three sons has been inherited by the later generation of Crossleys, who are now the ruling and controlling spirits of the Dean Clough works. And, apart from all this, the Crossleys have been the means of enriching Halifax, while they have enriched themselves. To them, chiefly, Halifax owes its commercial greatness; to them chiefly the noble character and grand scope of its benevolent institutions; to them chiefly its fame amongst the towns of the North. "If the Lord should aid us at this place," said that fine-hearted woman, Martha Crossley, tramping to her work that dark morning at four o'clock more than half a century ago, "the poor shall taste of it." Success came, in a far greater measure than she had ever dreamed it could come, and the poor did "taste of it," and so they will continue to do for all time to come, for the benefactions of the Crossleys will last through the ages, and be a memory and an influence for ever.

Many "fortunes" have been "made in business" by the Crossleys, and it is to be hoped that other Crossleys will live to make many more. A race such as theirs should never become extinct.

MEALS AND MEALTIMES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

AMONGST the various advantages supposed to be associated with the proverbial "good old times," there is one which the depreciators of all things modern never tire of urging upon our attention. These fanatical folks declare that the hours kept by our forefathers, especially for meals, were more reasonable, seasonable and healthful than those which obtain now-a-days. Besides going to bed and rising much earlier than we do now, a habit we are assured of no mean importance, from a sanitary point of view, particular emphasis is laid on the times at which consequently the ancients were obliged to eat and drink. Without attempting to dispute the truth of this, it becomes a question after all whether, in complying with the arrangements of modern society, we have not effected a legitimate compromise, and whether we have not, in so doing, drifted back to pretty much the old custom, at least as far as mealtimes go; the only difference being that we have changed the names of our repasts. Considering that in nearly all families a solid, substantial, and generally hot meal is served soon after mid-day, and that there are few healthy appetites not prepared to do justice to it, it may surely claim to be looked upon as in all respects equivalent to the dinner of former days, although we now call it luncheon. It is at this hour that the human appetite is usually at its keenest; and be they in an entirely primitive state, or in that of the highest civilization, men, and particularly women, if in good health, will be always ready to take sustenance somewhere between noon and three o'clock. Thus it appears rather unnecessary to make any great fuss about the name of the meal, and quite unnecessary to draw comparisons between the past and present, to the prejudice of the latter. The human instinct may be left to itself in the matter, and it will assuredly be quite potent enough to dictate the law on the subject. Indeed it is doubtful, should a comparison be insisted on, whether the custom of this, the latter end of the nineteenth century, in regard to mealtimes, is not really more healthy than those in vogue with our ancestors. When they spoke of their midday repast as dinner, the supper which followed in the evening besides being a heavy meal, was as a rule, seldom partaken of before nine o'clock, and people went to bed immediately after it, a practice condemned universally by the increased enlightenment of the faculty of the present day. By adopting the word luncheon, as signifying a lighter repast than dinner, and

postponing the latter till evening, we have of course abolished suppers and thereby gained a point in hygiene, supper being now not unjustly regarded as a receipt for indigestion and sleepless nights. Except in ultra-fashionable circles it is seldom that our late dinner is served later than eight o'clock, the usual hour being 7.30, and, as that for retiring to rest is not generally earlier than eleven, we avoid the pernicious habit of going to bed with our dinners in our throats. Nevertheless, there are some conflicting facts on this point, for the Greeks and Romans, not bad guides on dietetics—had their principal meal towards evening—about sundown. Primitive men, the Red Indians alike with all Eastern tribes, adopt the same habit, so that we find the past and present controlled by one and the same instinct, viz., the inclination to postpone, until the day's work is over, the chief act of nourishing the body. The contradiction thus implied between health and inclination is, however, to be accounted for when we remember that Nature forms her laws upon the assumption that there is no such thing as dyspepsia, and that therefore man may take repose, even to the extent of sleeping like the animals, immediately after a meal, without detriment. If man suffers from such a proceeding it is because a high condition of civilization has put his functions out of order, and his powers of digestion are no longer in a natural state, the only one recognized and provided for by the goddess's universal laws.

The Greeks and Romans partook of luncheon, but both it and their breakfast were very slight meals. Even if the latter consisted of hot dishes, as it generally did, they were not of a very substantial character, and seeing that the breakfast was eaten immediately on rising, very early, the luncheon could not be regarded in the light of an insult to the breakfast and an injury to the dinner—in which way it is not unfrequently spoken of by English epicures. When one has broken one's fast between six and seven a.m., by swallowing a few mouthfuls of bread dipped in a light wine, after the manner of the Greeks, or bread with salt, dried grapes, olives or cheese, after the Roman fashion, one may legitimately be entitled to a hot dish of fish or eggs at noon. A luncheon under these circumstances cannot come under the category of either insult or injury to any other meal. The *cæna*, or dinner-supper of classical times, consisting of three courses, *hors d'œuvres*, piquant dishes, then fish and meat in several removes, was held in far too high esteem by epicurean appetites to allow of its being injured by any previous repast. "Not till the supper or dinner, call it what we will, was served did the noble Roman take his daily food with luxurious elegance and ease. The evening meal was for the few, not for the many. It was the banquet sacred to hospitality and pleasure. Those who partook of it reclined at length on couches, in the spirit of festal enjoyment and social pleasure, donned like a marriage robe.

Dinner or supper, this was the meal of the day. Business was left behind, care and toil were forgotten, the day's work was done."

This graceful peep at an ancient Roman's dinner, from the pen of one versed in the domestic life of those times, is sufficient broadly to show, that after all, our own habits are not very dissimilar, but it should be remembered that, like our more immediate predecessors, the Romans were not as addicted to turning night into day as we are, and that although the late dinner was the meal of the day the hour at which it was partaken of was far earlier than ours; and that consequently it may be assumed the lateness was divested of many of its pernicious results. Indeed, the Roman had a great regard for the value of daylight, artificial light was little resorted to, and he went to bed, generally speaking, at the close of day. Hence he rose betimes, and the writer who, as above, describes the end of the day, thus speaks of its beginning:

"After waiting on some great man, or if he happened to be a great man himself, after being waited upon, he took his breakfast, but if anybody living sees, or fancies that he sees, anything like a substantial English breakfast in the Latin *jentaculum* he errs widely of his mark. The Roman broke his fast by nibbling a biscuit, and this was not until he had taken the air and generally speaking bathed. The mid-day meal, *prandium*, is construed by moderns to stand for dinner, but it was no more like our dinner than *jentaculum* was like our breakfast. As with us, however, sometimes the two meals were thrown into one; and then your Roman would get with his biscuit or dry bread a date, an olive or two, a fig or a few raisins—very different all this from hot buttered toast or muffins, ham and eggs, an appetizing grill, tea and coffee, or the choice between these and a bottle of light wine. The Roman's *prandium* did not nearly come up to the Anglo-Indian's tiffin, though there is more affinity in this respect than can be traced between the antique meal at mid-day and a hearty British luncheon. The *prandium* was eaten standing," a doubtful practice for any but the most robust digestions, questionable even with these, as likely to accelerate early degeneration of the organs.

Again therefore it may be concluded that the conditions of life in classical times obliged people to adopt practices not always the most healthful, and again we find that necessity and convenience made the last meal of the day the most substantial, albeit the laws of nature dictate an earlier hour, as that at which the appetite is keenest. It is curious to observe, in glancing back at records on these matters, how there ever seems to have been this same conflict going on. We see a perpetual attempt to oppose convenience to health, and *vice-versâ*; as, for instance, when we learn that a certain Lord and Lady Burghley, in 1583,

having, it is to be presumed, to resort to medical advice, had their dinner hour prescribed for them at nine or ten o'clock a.m. with a supper at five or six p.m. Once more, during the Commonwealth, the dinner hour was twelve noon, and it was only in concession to fashionable arrangements that, during Charles the Second's reign, it grew to be at two and three, with supper at eight. Later on, in George the Second's reign, 1751 and 1753, we find the Duchess of Somerset writing, "At three we dine, sit for an hour, then separate till we meet at eight, for prayers." Probably the dish of tea intervened about five or six, and supper was adjourned until just before going to bed.

The discussion therefore of this subject seems ever to resolve itself into a circle; we go to and fro with the variation after all of only a few hours, and a change merely in the name of the meals. "It is six o'clock, full supper time," says Shakespeare in Richard III, and if we substitute the word dinner for supper, we approximate so closely to the custom of the present moment that it appears idle to waste comment on the difference. Fashion, for some inexplicable reason, has a tendency to drive us into later and later hours. In all ages and civilized countries, this is obviously the case, and when that "deformed thief," has done his worst and brought one to the verge of absurdity, human nature rebels, and, as in the case of larger questions, a complete revolution occurs. Sixty or seventy years ago in England five o'clock was considered a very fashionable hour for dinner; luncheon was a word scarcely used then, and the late breakfast stood in its place; but five o'clock was gradually reached through the agency of fashion, and was merely a postponement of the noonday meal by people—the few not the many—who led lives of pleasure rather than of business. By the natural laws of progression we have now attained to the hour of eight and even nine, surely an equivalent for, and a justification, if we please, for speaking of the repast as supper. This postponement of the last meal under the name of dinner until it is time to go to bed, has been the final cause of the introduction of the word luncheon. One can hardly venture to speak of dining twice in one day; virtually many people do so, and always have done so. Dining and supping come really to the same thing in the end as lunching and dining does. The Frenchman calls his mid-day meal, always a substantial one, breakfast, and that between six and eight p.m. dinner. What difference then, except in name, is there between his habits in this respect and those of his German neighbours who still dine at one p.m. and say so?

The *mid-dag* of the Scandinavian races again indicates precisely the same arrangement of hours for taking nourishment; but these peoples, being less subject to the caprices of fashion, being, in fact, "old-fashioned" in their habits, do not see any reason for altering the title of their refectations. Snacks and mouthfuls, taken

at odd intervals during the twenty-four hours, between the pauses of life as it were, must always be so dependent on circumstances that it is impossible to give them anything like classification. With the exception perhaps of the cup of coffee, chocolate, or tea, with roll or bread and butter, on first rising, they are prejudicial as a rule to appetite and therefore to health. In eminently commercial communities, like those, for instance, constituting the main bulk of American centres, the snack, or scrambling and hurried meal, is, of course, all but a necessity, and like all high-pressure arrangements calculated to put the human organism out of order sooner or later—upsetting anything like a happy or healthful arrangement of meals—until the day's work is over, and when, very often, the system is so exhausted by fatigue that the functions of digestion are seriously impaired.

Within the last two or three years, however, according to a leading New York journal, an effort has been made to make a stand against the perpetuation of lunching at bars, or of taking a standing meal at mid-day. Ever glad to hail novelty, in whatsoever direction it may appear, our cousins across the Atlantic set about instituting what was to be known as the "Mid-day Club," which, as its name implies, was to give the *prandium* the veritable importance of a "square," or sitting down repast. The leading rule of this gastronomic reformatory was described as follows: "Its members, who belong to the mercantile classes, are required to devote a full hour to a mid-day meal, instead of indulging in the dangerous habit of 'bolting' a light luncheon in two or three minutes." Prone as we ourselves are, very often, if we fortunately happen to be "working bees," to "bolt" our luncheons, we are positively a slow and deliberate people in this respect when compared with our American kinsmen, and not one of the least of the evils arising from this unseemly haste is said to be that it induces an undue recourse to alcoholic beverages. If this be true with them, so to some extent must it be with us, and although at present the exigencies of our business hours would not allow, any more than in the States, of a whole hour being devoted by busy people in the City to eating and drinking at or about noon, yet, if the habit could be universally adopted, no such objection would exist. One strong argument in behalf of our bank holidays is, that by making them universally compulsory no business is really interfered with. The different interests of the infinitely various occupations of mankind are thus prevented from clashing. When everybody is at rest, nobody's affairs can suffer from delay and so it would be if the rule of the "Mid-day Club" became universal. If it was fully recognized that no business should be transacted between twelve and one, or one and two, no engagements for doing anything would be entered on between those hours, and consequently nobody's interests would suffer. Whether such a Utopian plan could ever be brought about for the sake of health

is doubtful, but this does not alter the fact that if it could it would be highly beneficial to commercial or busy humanity at large. To quote a little further from the authority above mentioned the writer says: "People who breakfast late, leisurely and plentifully, may be able to work steadily until the hour for the evening meal, but thousands of men and women at the head of establishments are at work as early as any of their *employés*, hurrying from their beds to their counting rooms with no more substantial nourishment than a cup of coffee and a roll. The meal that follows consists frequently of a sandwich or a piece of pie; and the person who thus cheats his or her system is apt, sooner or later, to seek temporary assistance from stimulants. Now a hearty meal in the middle of the day not only repairs the physical waste of the morning, but compels a little physical and mental rest; and if one dines in company that does not need alcohol to make it cheerful, the time consumed will not be lost." It would be a difficult task perhaps to make the Anglo-Saxon races, with their idea that "time is money," believe in, or at any rate adopt generally, the wholesome habits above advocated. They will grudge all time during business hours which is not devoted to business. The pursuit of wealth ever has clashed, and ever will, with health.

Climate again, no less than man's occupations, must influence his hours for eating and drinking as well as the nature of his food. In communities whose lot is cast in sunnier climes than ours, or where at least the summer is one continual blaze of heat for many months, a "siesta" as a matter of course follows the noontide meal. The greed for gain is arrested, financial and indeed all occupations come to a standstill. In London sometimes, and in New York nearly always, summer heat is as great as any felt in New Orleans or in the South of France, and although we know the thermometer does not remain as high so long in the former cities, yet even for the time the sultry days continue the English or American mercantile man would as lief think of going up in a balloon as wasting an hour or two in refreshing repose in the middle of the day. Even the earlier habits of the American, which in this respect approximate more closely to those of Continental Europe than do our own, fail to bring about that inclination to rest for an hour or so in the middle of his daily occupations which distinguishes the German, the Frenchman, and particularly the Spaniard. The restless energy of the Anglo-Saxon, when once he has begun his day's work to go right through with it as hard as he can pelt, seems to preclude the possibility of his taking life with the deliberation of foreigners, and whether he rises early or late, his first object is to get his business done; only then will he condescend to think about his health. He disregards fatigue or the calls of appetite, or only appeases it with a snack instead of a deliberate and peaceful meal; with the result too frequently of making

him a confirmed dyspeptic by the time he is forty. Inexperienced persons are apt to regard Americans as large eaters, and this idea has probably arisen from the accounts which find their way to this country of the *menus* of first-class hotels in the States. We read for instance of "fried oysters, salt cod, pork sausages, scrambled eggs, Phipp's ham, beefsteaks, Graham bread, fried potatoes, milk toast, and buckwheat cakes swimming in butter, and maple syrup for breakfast; of raw oysters, clams, soft-shell crabs, and venison steaks for lunch; of gumbo soup, chowder, boiled bass, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie for dinner; of corned beef, sugar-cured ham, plum cake, and sponge biscuits for tea; and of scolloped oysters and chicken salad for supper." We read of these things and imagine that they form the daily fare of the natives, whereas such bills of fare are quite exceptional, and are only provided for high days and holidays; ordinary meals for the work-a-day world it is almost unnecessary to say are far simpler. Canvas-back duck, terrapin and such like expensive dainties, followed by copious draughts of champagne, are scarcely more common in the Great Republic than real turtle is here. The truth is, Americans are very quick eaters, but not very large.

Before the States shook themselves free from British control, and when commerce was conducted with the deliberation of bygone times, there was less difference than now exists between American and English habits, and probably what a certain French traveller who visited these shores in the reign of Queen Anne wrote of the English, might with certain modifications, have applied to the American. "The English eat a great deal at dinner," said this M. Misson "they rest awhile and to it again, till they have quite stuffed their stomachs. Their suppers are moderate—gluttons at noon and abstinent at night. I always heard that they were great flesh-eaters and I found it true. I have known many people in England that never eat any bread; and universally they eat very little—they nibble a few crumbs while they chew the meat by whole mouthfuls." If, on both sides of the Atlantic, civilization, with its high-pressure, has brought many mischiefs with it, it has fortunately dispelled others, like those thus quaintly referred to one hundred and eighty years ago; and we may therefore suppose that, on the whole, dyspepsia is not more common now than it ought to have been among the masses in the reign of Anne.

"When New England was an English colony the universal dinner hour was noon; and traditions of the staple of the old-fashioned fare yet linger in the favourite New England dishes, pork and beans and Indian pudding—the last a compost of corn meal and molasses. In the old Knickerbocker days of New York, people dined early and substantially; but we may rest tolerably well assured that the comfortable and phlegmatic Dutch burghers

of Manhattan took the fullest of hours for their meal and its digestion. After the dinner came a pipe—many pipes, probably. The modern Americans are not a pipe-smoking people; and to judge from the ‘sandwich and piece-of-pie allegation,’ they are slightly amenable to the charge brought by Brillat Savarin against Napoleon the Great for ‘eating quickly and eating badly.’ Yet the author of the *Physiologie du Goût* belonged to a nation who have never swerved from their custom of eating a good midday meal. The Frenchman’s breakfast is *café au lait*, and bread and butter, just as the Spaniards *desayuno* is a cup of chocolate, a morsel of dry bread and a glass of cold water; but the Gaul must have his second and substantial breakfast at noon; and a *déjeuner à la fourchette* may be defined, without exaggeration, as a dinner minus only the soup. The Germans have a *Mittags-essen* or midday meal, at which they eat soup; but the evening meal with the old-fashioned Teuton is supper and not late dinner. Most of the hotels hold two *table d’hôtes* a day, one at the old-fashioned and one at the new-fangled hour. Noontide is, from the point of view of health, perhaps the time at which a ‘square’ meal should most appropriately be eaten; but unfortunately, if we wish to keep our digestion unimpaired we must rest awhile after an early dinner. Our French neighbours breakfasting copiously at noon seldom think of returning to business until half-past one; frequently they remain over their cigars and coffee until two p.m.”

So once again, in the above, we find, the subject ably touched upon by the same experienced writer who has been already quoted; but if we trench far upon French soil with regard to eating and drinking, there is no limit to the prospect before us.

Once upon a time, Montesquien declared that “supper kills one half Paris; dinner the other;” but we are assured that this state of things has happily, or unhappily, according to our views of life, passed away, for the simple reason that the French kitchen, both in private houses and in restaurants, has sadly degenerated. This is said to be owing to the absence of the same proportion of *gourmets* to be found in the French capital as formerly, whilst those who remain have not the opportunity of keeping up that cultivation of their palates which was once afforded them by the great *chefs* of bygone days.

The race to get rich has induced the majority of caterers to substitute second and third-rate cookery, served with deceptive luxury, for really first-class. The introduction of coal and gas, alone, in the place of wood for kitchen purposes, is, in itself, fatal. There is no chance now of the gastronome learning to distinguish the sort of wood used for the cooking of delicate viands, a refinement perhaps scarcely indispensable to happiness, but yet, one not wholly without benefit to the community; seeing that where an art is not cultivated to its highest pitch, its lower stages must

all suffer in degree. The oven, as a substitute for gridiron, frying-pan, or spit, can be no less fatal than the change in fuel, and thus, according to pessimists, we live in sadly degenerate times, notwithstanding the increase both in Paris and London of schools of cookery.

Still on the whole, if we are not better off at the end than we were at the beginning of this century—something has been gained, since that nomadic individual known in apocryphal history as the Khan of Tartary—who never lived in a house, and who dined off mare's milk and horse-flesh every day—had it proclaimed by a herald that the Khan having dined, all other potentates, princes and great men of the earth were at liberty to do the same. It would be difficult to draw a comparison between his mealtimes and those of a modern man of fashion—as useless, difficult, and undesirable as it would be to lay down any definite laws on the subject. One only obvious one is there on which we can put any secure reliance. After observing the golden rule of early to bed and early to rise, we may be pretty sure that regularity in our mealtimes is most desirable. Whatever the obligations of our lives are—however varied or variable they may be—the more we manage to breakfast, lunch, dine or sup at the same time everyday—the more likely are we to maintain our health—especially if we never forget that “a little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little, and that a little at night is too much.”

W. W. FENN.

OXFORD MEMORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH,"
"AGONY POINT," &c.

LET me describe my first entrance on college life. Parents may be as ignorant now of the steps to be taken in putting a name down as was my father. We walked about from college to college, receiving everywhere the same reply, "Full for two or three years." "My son is very steady," said my father. "They are all steady till they come here," replied the Dean of Trinity. At length, some tutor went so far out of his way as to say that in any desirable college introductions were essential. On this hint, I remembered Dr. Daubeny was father of a school-fellow, and with his assistance I was soon entered at Trinity, as one of the desirable colleges.

As I am speaking of fifty years since, and not of colleges as they now are, I may record that Queen's stood very low, so low that some would not visit a Queen's man. The reason was, that there were many north countrymen there at that time, a race far inferior to the civilization of the south. To Wadham, a prejudice, slowly wearing out, still attached—still the connection was not good, and the style of men was inferior. Pembroke, and yet more exclusively, Jesus, had Welshmen, also semi-civilized. The tone and style, to last for a life, I can confidently say, which marked the men of these less desirable colleges was well worth considering when compared with that which characterized other colleges. Christchurch, University and Brasenose stood highest, though the latter had a gambling set; and, even now, there is a tradition of a certain club, too nearly synonymous with the recent German work, "Letters from Hell." There was a son of the celebrated Crockford, a rich sporting man, and the son of Nugee, as celebrated as the late Mr. Poole the tailor, and, ludicrously enough, I remember a man who after using the common expression, "he sat upon needles," was much afraid he should be supposed to have made a personal allusion. New College, Magdalen, and All Souls were all close boroughs. All Souls had only fellows and four bible clerks as undergraduates. A fellow of Trinity was paid for lecturing them. No one in All Souls would condescend to be tutor. How Mr. Hughes, in his "Tom Brown at Oxford," could make a point of the cruelty of snubbing a poor bible clerk I cannot imagine. For besides these four, and one or two others, bible clerks did not exist. New College had only Wykehamists, and at Magdalen there were

only a dozen Demi. All the other colleges were in good repute. Oriel and Balliol were colleges distinguished for reading men, though, from a good selection of scholars, Trinity bore away more prizes than any college, in proportion to its numbers. It also turned out most red coats, in which they fraternised with Merton, where my friend Hogg and a few others were known as "the swell mob of Merton," which may give an idea of rather a fast, though a small college.

Society now has become so little exclusive, in Oxford as well as elsewhere, that these characteristics of the several colleges may no longer be known. As to exclusiveness, honour and solvency, the mere name of a gownsmen commanded credit at every shop, "but," said an old bookseller, "we are obliged to be more cautious now, and to ask for references or make inquiries, much the same as in other towns."

Eventually my name was down at Trinity. "Are you prepared," said Mr. Short, "for some expense for your son?" "For any reasonable expense." "Then you must not calculate on less than £200 a year." He afterwards, in conversation, remarked, "I prefer to be explicit; but I do meet with some great fools. One father replied he wished his son to keep high society; and in his first term I found a regiment of champagne bottles outside that son's door."—Champagne was rarely seen in those days, so of course £200 a year did not pay for that.

After a year I had notice to come up for matriculation, that is, to be taken under the wing of Oxford *mater* after a preliminary examination. This examination in those days was at Trinity much lighter than at present. How my friend Wratislaw passed I cannot tell. He had tried at Exeter College, and, after confessing he could not write Latin, unless he were allowed a dictionary, the tutor soon arrived at an unfavourable conclusion; still by some accident he passed at Trinity. We had no divinity in this examination: more is the pity. Old Towser, as we commonly called him, though from Rugby in Dr. Arnold's day, did not know the Old Testament from the New. I remember Moore, also from Winchester, equally at a loss, searching in vain for Isaiah "in the wrong part," as he said, which wrong part was the New Testament! Boys at a public school were supposed, it seemed, to know enough scripture from their nursery lessons, and that perhaps would account for my poor friend "the Count," who had no mother, being utterly ignorant. Still at matriculation we all were required to sign the Articles, though never lectured in them till two years after. Obviously this early examination should be, though too often it was not, strict enough to prevent any youth from wasting time for a degree when he was too ignorant to be likely ever to pass.

Rooms were now appointed me. For the first time in my life to have an establishment of my own was quite a delightful sensation. I had also about an eighth part of the services of a

bedmaker, yeleft a scout. Old Budd, who had seen many generations of freshmen pass off in bachelors' gowns, and with much useful information, was assigned to me. He said how he remembered our then President as an undergraduate, nor could he forget that he once had a glass of gin for paying a bill for him, "because," said the tradesman, "it comes like a windfall; it is a six years' tic!" Glasses, crockery, cruets, &c. Budd was ready to sell me—a set that, more or less supplemented, had been passed on from generation to generation.

Twenty years after I left college my name was identified on my copper kettle, all such things being a legacy to the scout. Having once bought one set of crockery and glass, no one at all wide awake ever bought any more.

Your scout never made any difficulty in finding enough at—what paid him so well, with perquisites—a breakfast or a wine party. He borrowed, as he said, of your friends on the same staircase. The truth was the scouts lent to each other and we knew nothing of it. In many respects we lived like brothers, very much with community of goods, community, that is, where they were good fellows, but there are men who sponge on their friends everywhere. Alex, for instance, was noted for taking all and returning nothing. He once sent to a freshman to lend him his "ham;" he would not trouble him, only he had a breakfast party.

Much as we at first enjoy the independence of rooms to ourselves, we soon miss the family circle, and yearn for society. To "send your commons to my room," meant, to chum for breakfast, the inviter finding little but the eggs and teapot; and very agreeable these homely hours used to be. Sometimes you would afterwards construe the lecture together. If you did not know where it began, your scout would be sent to ask, and bring back, as pat as possible, perhaps "Medea of Euripides, sir, the chorus after the long speech of Jason." From long practice the scouts were quite familiar with classical names and terms.

This missing of your family circle, in the loneliness of college rooms, led also to frequent wine parties. For, after animated conversation in hall, you did not like to separate from a merry set scampering away to the man who had invited "to wine," and to mope away in your own rooms alone, though this involved expense beyond the £300 a year. Nor was this all; you were soon committed to a certain "set." Oxford and college life is life in miniature; for in the world at large we are all committed to our "set," and find ourselves not altogether free agents, but at the mercy of our social circle and its public opinion—to do as others do or retire altogether. So an expensive set involved expensive habits, as to wine and entertainments; nor did your expense end there. You felt very slow unless you joined, to some extent at least, in their rides and tandems. Tandems were forbidden, as also gigs or "buggies" near the end of my time,

about 1836, and then they were only allowed with the proctor's leave, but this leave merely involved a note to the proctor, sent by the hostler when you ordered the gig. To be seen in a tandem was penal. Proctors would lie in wait for you on your return, perhaps by Magdalen Bridge, though some had a leader put on and taken off clear of Oxford. Not so Maclane. He heard that proctors were waiting, so he took off and hid under the seat his hat and coat, and tucked up his sleeves and drove right by the two proctors, personating and being mistaken for the hostler. As to hospitalities, I could hardly manage without a breakfast party and wine party of some numbers once a term, or perhaps a supper party. As to our breakfast parties, our tables would have astonished our families at home, beefsteaks, kidneys, broiled fowls, &c., were ordinary. But this was at an end after the President had, as before said, shied Charlie Lane's expected breakfast into the shrubbery, and we were limited to the cold meat from the buttery. Of this rule I was very glad, as were men generally; it reduced our expenses; we could not be deemed stingy, though the breakfast was cheap. Wine and supper parties were expensive; there was no cheap wine in those days, though the Oxford blackstrap was an execrable substitute for port. Alex used to say, "Now you shall have a glass of the old Admiral;" he would wish us to suppose it was fifty years in bottle, got up by the divers from the Royal George, but we found him out, and abused his economy loudly. At supper egg-flip, made of egg and sherry hot, and bishop, of port mulled with lemon and spice, were concocted for us by the Common Room man. Supper parties led to much excess, and were most uproarious. A great part of Trinity lay remote from the rooms of the tutors; when near we were obliged to be cautious as to the noise we made. I have seen a party of a dozen men, some quite drunk and the rest not quite sober. But at that time it was not generally so discreditable to be drunk as it is now; some boasted of it as manly. After my first term I drew off from this set, or I should have been ruined, having become intimate with reading men, with Prichard, Lee and a few others of the best scholars of the day. My room was soon known as a sure room for a cup of tea for any solitary straggler at late hours, or for a quiet glass for one or two, when there was no party in college. While you continued in a regular set, men used to "chaff" and resent the absence of those who were deemed bound to be social, and to keep things going. Of this there was an amusing instance at New College.

Some men, just returned from hunting, were disappointed in finding two of their set bent on an Abingdon ball instead of joining a jolly party. They decided on acting highwaymen, as with Falstaff. They first went to Sheard's stables, where the chaise was ordered, and the post-boy was instructed how to act.

The chaise was stopped at Bagley Woods—a black candlestick, presented, served in the dark as a pistol; three of their pumps, out of four, secured in a scuffle; then a cry was raised of “Some one coming,” and the men rode back with the booty, and placed the pumps in the rooms of the robbed, to tell their own story on their return. Whether as to “the lies they told”—“Therein lies the jest”—were words applicable to them as to Falstaff, before they found the shoes, I cannot tell.

“When the wine is in the wit is out.” Drunkenness is madness while it lasts, and absurd jokes and frolics are the result. One day the passage between the two quadrangles was found blocked with snow at St. John’s College. The offenders were allowed time to compound, under a threat of confining to gates the whole college till they came forward. Worse still, the statue of her Majesty at Queen’s was crowned—as new boys at school used to be crowned, in bed-room pottery—for the early coaches stopping then at the Angel Inn opposite, to talk of all down the road. The offender was found out; he did not consider that with the deficiency in his crockery the inference would be obvious.

I used to read till about eleven at night, so my room was a common lounge at that hour for any friend who had come in late from an after-dinner drive, or to tell me of some theatricals in a barn, or other attraction not allowed in Oxford, and therefore tempting gownsmen to the neighbouring towns.

Bethune came one night to say that his mare had been kicking, and something had occurred which had really been a trial to his conscience. “My mare became savage and I heard her heels again and again at the splash-board. Now a difficulty with a horse in the dark is very nervous work when you are all alone, and no one to help you if you come to a crash and a spill, so I thought I should like to take up a passenger. I overtook two men and offered a ride to one of them; but they could not separate and wanted me to take up both. This my conscience would not allow; with only two of us the mare’s heels might luckily go between, but the man in the middle would be sure to catch it.” Little did these simple fellows know how far it was from any disinterested kindness that one of them had been offered a lift.

This position of affairs I well could appreciate; only a week before a kicking horse had cleared the splash-board and kicked my friend Edwards, the driver, on the arm. We soon turned round,—the splash-board, by repeated kicks, bent quite out of the perpendicular—and drove back to Sheard’s, opposite the gate of Christchurch.

Old John Sheard was the noted horse-dealer and stable-keeper of those days, and when we complained of the dangerous brute, and asked for another, he (John) said, “Well, I never! Why, Bill (to the hostler), would you believe it?—the mare have

been a-kicking!" Of course Bill looked astonished. "Why, do you know, sir, when my wife wants to drive our four little ones over to see their grandmother at Abingdon, she says to me, John, let us have the mare."

"That's all my grandmother," said Edwards, "that brute would scatter their blessed little legs and arms all about the road before you got past Folly Bridge—You know I did once hear you say there was no harm to tell a lie about a horse." The occasion of such a piece of moral philosophy was this:

John Sheard was found one day looking very blue over his ledger, when he burst forth with a strong monosyllable or two, asseverating that he would never trust a gentleman's word again. "At least not in money matters. Why, Muster Watson, as was at Corpus, came to me in much of a fix one morning and said, 'Sheard, the governor is a-coming to see after my debts, and I'd as soon see the devil just now.' 'Make a clean breast of it,' said I, 'Out with it 'all at once and one row will do for all.' 'But I've told him, Sheard, that your bill of £15 is paid. He's sure to come and ask, so you'll oblige me—say it's all right.' Well, as it was only about a horse, when the old gentleman came I told him that damnation lie. And now, would you believe it, sir, the six years have passed—and six years' tic is bad in law—and here's Muster Watson's lawyers' letter to say I can't have a penny of it, for he wasn't of age, and time is run out."

As to the so-called Governors—I am afraid they have been called Relieving-Officers—there always appeared to be very little confidence or fair understanding between fathers and sons. The fathers never seemed to come on the stage till all the mischief was done. As to a father-confessor, it was more like an inquisitor. Frankenstein, after making a man and galvanizing him into life, was surprised to find that he had embodied also certain unruly passions and keen desires, on which he had never calculated. Measles, scarlet fever and other infantine complaints parents accept as in the course of nature: but when I told a father he had only to put himself back to the age of indiscretion, and to expect of his son all the folly and the wrong-headedness that cropped up then in him, and in all others in his experience, it appeared quite a new idea to him. One of my acquaintance told his father, "I never asked to be born, and to bring a fellow *volens volens* into an expensive world like this, with a big National debt and an income tax, and then to say you have nothing to give him, is too bad by a great deal." "Blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them," says the Psalmist. True, each with a bow and arrow to fight for you, "when the enemy is at the gate," but not when the duns are at the door; for then the reputed "blessings" are more like blisters. Certainly, at college, you see men at the most unreasonable crisis of human existence. Not one in a hundred at that age ever thinks what his father can

afford. Men are as thankless for their allowance and expenses as they are for the light or the air, and as little think where it comes from. Who can reflect on his past self at college but as a thoughtless, selfish piece of animal nature. A mad doctor once reported to me of a patient "He has recovered as to all that class of feelings which relate to himself; but it will take a little longer to make him sane as to the more disinterested feelings." The two things are so separate! In youth you have the former predominating, as with so many young maniacs. The trials and responsibilities of life happily are an education for the better feelings in later years, nor is anything so likely to make a father truly penitent for the past, as when he identifies his own self-pleasing nature now mirrored in his son.

But as to my hours of late reading, they were sometimes disturbed—by what was called "storming the oak"—by some one on my staircase, which was the bell staircase, with rooms over the College Hall. Our rooms had double doors, the outer an oak door, a very strong one; still, the peckers from the coal-bins, which contained a supply of fuel outside each set of rooms, were storming tools irresistible. But, save some little row when an entry was made, I never heard of any very serious affair like of that "drawing" out of bed, and smashing of furniture by which an unpopular man is persecuted in a regiment. I had one adventure, however, which I may say I rather brought on myself. I had caused a little resentment in Alex, a man before mentioned as sponging on every one. A friend told me that after much kind and neighbourly offices on my part, Alex had boasted, in a party, of the use he had made of me as his kettle-boiler. This was too much; so the next time his scout brought, one hot morning, Alex's kettle to be boiled, I said sharply, "Take that away." "Take it where, sir? Master has no fire." "Take it to —" and I am afraid I named a place where it would be likely to boil rather fast. Alex looked rather glum next time I saw him. And one night, espying a lot of men of his party, suspiciously standing together, bent on mischief, I felt sure mine was the oak to be stormed, so I said a word in passing to old Dick Colley, who had lately suffered in the same way, from the same party, and we resolved on an ambuscade to attack the enemy in the rear. We stood on the landing just above the stairs they must pass, and no sooner did they begin to batter than I threw the contents of a pitcher, and Colley jerked, high in the air, some small coal and dust from his coal box. There was at once a panic—all were nearly in the dark—and on the principle of *ignotum pro mirifico* fear magnified the danger, and all rushed, wet and bespattered, away. But first a heavy coal-pick was hurled forward. I wonder what the verdict would have been if this had resulted, as was quite possible, in a fatal accident. The Providence supposed to watch

over drunken men has often appeared to me to be watchful indeed. I could name one of the foremost men of the day, who, when at college, in a passion, threw a heavy candlestick across the table. As no harm was done, this was allowed to pass, but, considering all things, serious quarrels were in my time almost unknown. I did know a case of two men squaring at each other in the quadrangle, but friends soon stopped them, even if they would have actually come to blows. Though duels, at this time, were still in fashion—so much so, that no man could show his face in society who failed to send or to accept a challenge under certain circumstances—yet the only case I heard was one rather before my day at college. My old friend Weston was second to one of the parties. A blow had been struck and must be expiated. "I did all I could," said Weston, "to arrange that there should be no balls in the pistols, but we were too closely watched; however, I took twelve as long paces as I could and stipulated both should fire instantly on the word being given; then I took them by surprise, and shouted "Fire" before either quite expected it. The combatants were cousins; and I suppose each was so glad he had not shot the other, that, treating the seconds as nothing, they rushed and cordially shook hands in a moment."

There was a later case, when two men fought, and went home and breakfasted with each other; reminding me of a solicitor's queer story of two—one his client—who, charged with an intention of making a breach of the peace, were locked up about mid-day, while he was finding bail, and when he returned to them, about eight in the evening, he found hunger had overcome wrath. They had sent out for a beef steak and a bottle of wine, and were as jolly as two children over a cake.

But duels, if dispensed with at college, were now few and far between anywhere, till ten years later, in 1844, they came to an end. By this time, one duel had taken place, when a man shot his brother-in-law; this made it revolting—and another fatal case at Putney, between two low fellows, which made it vulgar. A year's imprisonment was inflicted in the latter case. After this, Sir Robert Inglis and a large number of men in high society, formed a little Peace Society, and subscribed their names to a declaration that they would never act, either as principal or second, in a duel from that time forth. This was supported by Prince Albert, and soon an order was sent from the Horse Guards, that it should be sufficient vindication of an officer's honour if, in case of offence given or taken, he should refer the case to his colonel and his brother-officers. Imagine how necessary this was when, not long before, Lord Hardinge, who had seconded the Duke of Wellington against the Earl of Winchelsea, said, on hearing of a bloodless duel, not that he was glad nothing had happened, but that he thought the offended party ought to have had another shot! "And what do I think of the suppression of

duelling? I never heard any man who desired to go back to these murderous habits, but very much good came from very little evil. The fatal cases in my recollection in all England were four or five; but the men kept in order the *roués* who now trifle with your affections, and once would not dare; and other cases of solid mischief prevented are as tens of thousands."

As to our rooms and sporting (closing) our oak, men used to be so careless when going out that the wonder was their rooms were not more frequently robbed. As to the professional thieves, there was little of that convertible spoil that tempts them, but of mere cribbage, for any errand-boy who came, there was enough; and where the blame could be so readily laid on strangers, the temptation was all the greater to the scouts. Scouts at Cambridge are called "gyps," the Greek for vultures, and both scouts and gyps are too commonly regarded as a set of harpies, though really they are much the same as other servants with careless masters, reckless of waste and extravagance. A scout's perquisites are multifarious—not only all your little goods and chattels, when you leave college, but at all times they claim everything left at meals, with the reversion of left-off clothes. "Budd," said Collins, one day, "where is that cold pheasant I left?" "What, them bones, sir? Trifles like that is our perquisites." Youths, as we were, felt at a disadvantage against these crying abuses. The scouts were our waiters at dinner, and when we had left the hall they came in with their baskets and were entitled to clear away all the joints and dishes that remained. The reason was that their wages were too low without board, and this explains another charge, often called extortion at college. Our "commons," of bread and butter and other eatables, provided by the manciple, or college caterer, were constantly charged to us more than they cost; but we paid nothing for the manciple's salary, and this was his fair profit for his services.

Old Budd fairly reminded me that not to sport my oak left a heavy responsibility on him, and endangered his character. When any robbery took place, as when Charlie lost a watch and Edwards some rings, there was much anxiety among the scouts attached to that staircase and set of rooms. One young scout was discharged for ill conduct, and afterwards imprisoned for some slight peculation committed in his new situation. The scouts generally were on the level of other servants. That (once) young one I was much interested in recognizing—though long afterwards, lank and grey-headed, cleaning shoes, near Gray's Inn in London—and could not but greet him with some small remembrance. It is pleasing to find any fellow-creature who has started even with us in the race of life and who seems to have run even with us so many years. But as to dishonesty, a painful case occurred at Queen's College, of a robbery committed by one undergraduate on another.

A man we will call Fisher—after fifty years he should be spared, as perhaps an altered man—I had remarked, when he visited two of my Trinity friends, as by no means of a good style, and when dining with them, no credit to our college hall. One day he dropped into the rooms of his friend Wickens, and said that Jubber the confectioner had been dunning him, and the best way was always “to feed the duns,” and give them further orders—honest, certainly, to increase the debts you cannot pay!—so he meant to give a spread and hoped Wickens would come. He further talked of men having lost watches and money from their rooms, and Wickens happened to remark, “I have six five-pound notes to pay my battels, and shall hide them in the basket of clothes just come from the wash—no one would think of looking there for the money—and then I am your man for the promised ride to Woodstock.” Fisher then proposed to construe the lecture to Wickens, for he was a good scholar and had a remarkable memory. His master at Tiverton said Fisher could learn his lesson almost in walking up to class—with twice reading lines of Virgil he could repeat them readily. Well, the supposed friends rode to Woodstock, and on their return Wickens said he had an instinctive feeling all was not right, so hurried to his basket, and the money was gone!

Such instinctive feelings are curious. We sometimes arrive at conclusions, unconscious of the steps which led us on. Of course there was once more a stir in college. Poor old Hedges the scout, who had passed so many years carrying mugs and platters from buttery to college rooms, and, as he said, no slur upon his character, had now repeated losses from rooms under his care. Gentlemen suspect only servants or inferiors in such cases. “Fisher,” said Wickens, “I always knew was not very particular as to tic and extravagance. I knew also that he would make very queer bets, and was considered a sharp customer; but who would think his friend could steal?” But servants think differently. Hedges knew that Fisher was generally short of money, and his door beset by duns, and without Latin and Greek Hedges was as acute as his masters. A man is not the sharper for being born a gentleman. When old Weller said Sam should not have been outwitted, because he had the proper education of the streets, he propounded a solemn truth too little considered, namely, that there is a deal of learning without book learning; a man’s wit can be sharpened in more ways than one. So Hedges, when he heard all the particulars of Fisher being told of the ingenious mode of hiding the money, began to think that the saying, “Those who hide can find,” had some indirect reference to Mr. Fisher. Still further he learnt that at Woodstock Fisher had left Wickens for some time, very unlike the habit of two friends out for a ride; also that afterwards Fisher showed several sovereigns when paying for luncheon that looked as if he had changed a

note at the hotel. This was enough for Hedges. He went to Woodstock, found and identified the stolen note by the number, and brought back the waiter who changed it to confront Fisher.

Wickens became very much enraged; he went to the tutor and said he should at once apply for a summons, and was with difficulty prevented by the tutor saying he would be answerable for the money stolen if Wickens would not prosecute. Fisher was confined to his room till his friends could be informed of the painful occurrence. His mother was a widow, doubtless having had no little trouble with such a son. Next term we heard the distressing news that the blow was too sudden and too agonizing; the poor lady had lost her reason.

There was always some man at Oxford who had either stolen money or done something disgraceful at school, and the story followed him, his old school-fellows being shy of him. Certainly if this applied to one of the seniors of the age to leave school for college, it might be right and reasonable to make him feel it; but that mere children should have their misdeeds follow them were much to be regretted. I remember some particular inquiries being once made, from Magdalen College, of an Eton tutor, as to a youth said to have left Eton in disgrace, and the reply was that the tutor declined to enter into particulars, but that there was a difference between a school and a college, and believed there was no sufficient reason for objecting to him. This man was considerate; the pupil fully justified this remark by a very creditable career. Still, a blot on one's escutcheon at a public school is serious; and yet more so at college. Less allowance can then be made for youths, and ill deeds are enacted before a larger audience. It is wonderful how prone men are to spread a painful story; it is not always from pure malevolence, but rather from love of talking in a sensational way. Vice is more interesting than virtue; even full-grown children might honestly confess that they like stories about naughty boys better than stories about good ones.

As a compensation for the uproarious set, there was a religious set in college. We called them the Saints, they were all very Low Church. Tractarianism was in its infancy. There were no High Church saints in those days. If men were less thoughtless and more serious than their neighbours, they were reduced for religious parties and sympathy, to the psalm-singing class or none. The Bible was commonly regarded as much one book as Homer; literal and verbal inspiration was the answer to all inquiries. Indeed, the biblical ignorance of those days would surprise any intelligent people now. The present Bishop of London's reception, twelve years since, at Exeter, would have been mild compared to what he would have encountered in the times I am describing. There was a strong opposition to Dr. Hampden, as bishop-designate of Hereford, at that time for what

would have been thought a very slight touch of originality now. The very terms in use—latitudinarian for one who deviated in the least from one narrow track, and rationalism for one who exercised his own common sense and understanding in biblical interpretation—bear witness to the changes we have lived to see. At Cambridge, religious men had preachers a little more to their taste—especially Simeon, who was far more reasonable than most of the Evangelical party: he really touched the hearts of Cantabs, and at the same time, Melville, who, said Mr. Yard “could make tears run down the cheeks of those dry old Dons”—almost as much of a miracle as Moses “striking water from the rocks.” But at Oxford we had dry theology and little else. A little time before, Dr. Tatham of Lincoln was, indeed, in one sense, a moving preacher, but moving rather to laughter. Once he said he wished “that all the German critics were drowned in the German Ocean.” Old Mr. Slatter, the bookseller, told me he once heard Tatham say from the pulpit, while depreciating the University studies, “Take care, what with your Little Go and your Great Go, it does not prove a By-Go.” Once we had a very puzzling sermon at St. Mary’s, on the subject of Evidences, with “The christian says this and the atheist says that,” when, as the present Bishop C—— came out of church, he said, “The atheist had the best of the argument this morning.” This reminds me of an anecdote of the poet Shelley, related to me also by Mr. Slatter.

When Shelley was entered at University College, his father, Sir Timothy, introduced him to me as one who would require no little printing during his academical career. Nor was it long before the poetical son brought me poetry for the press; he soon became so well known to my shopmen, that they little heeded what he did. One day he came with a bundle of pamphlets, merely saying, “You can sell these,” and scattered them in my windows and on my counter and side table. No one examined or even saw the title. Some little time after, coming down into the shop, I perceived one of the Dons reading one of the pamphlets, with arched eyebrows and looking unutterable things; but seeing me, he said, “Mr. Slatter, you must be mad! You will be hooted out of the University. ‘The Necessity of Atheism,’ indeed! and you are selling such impiety.” I soon discovered and explained what had happened, and as there was, at that time, an eminent barrister on the circuit, lodging with me, he heard what had occurred, and said, “Send for the young man. He must have a warning; I will open upon him.” Soon Shelley came, looking quite unconcerned; after a few words from me, my friend enlarged on the poison he was spreading broadcast, and the serious consequences to himself if known to the college authorities. “Why, as to that,” said Shelley, “the Vice-Chancellor has a copy already, and there was

one for the breakfast-table of the President of every college in Oxford." He said, among other things, "These are no new ideas of mine. I have long entertained the same views, and what is more, I have a sister, whom I have made as d—d an atheist as myself." This is the exact history of the circumstances under which Shelley left the University.

As to the so-called saints, this set consisted of two or three who held together and were chiefly distinguished by preaching to every one else, and sometimes having the worst of the argument. Certain truths divine, and promises, they would enunciate in too wide a sense, and most erroneously in a temporal sense; then to hear the peculiarly temporal replies of those they called worldly men was amusing. Round once maintained, "Whatever you shall ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive." "Yes," said Briggs, "but 'believing' is all the difficulty. Now, I am backing the 'favourite' for the Derby—if I could 'believe' he'd win, you say it would be all right, but I can't." "The doctrine is carried too far," said Charlie; "it's no use praying for money, for I tried it first thing after a sermon I once heard. And it's no good when out fishing; I tried that too, and never had a bite."

Poor Round was all but plucked for his divinity, and found that piety and theology were widely different things. However, there he has been, near Portsmouth, working away these thirty years—honestly, piously, and most usefully too—in a parish of poor fisherman, where I renewed old acquaintance with no little interest.

One of those whom Round called the worldly and the carnal men—Tom Walker—I found, years after, in a parish too, on a visit in Dorsetshire, near Blanktown. I heard of much religious dissension; the people there were split into two parties, the Walkerites and the non-Walkerites; the partisans and the opponents of one Mr. Walker, who was ultra-Tractarian, setting up crosses and lighting candlesticks in broad daylight, with floral ornaments, varied with the seasons; the non-Walkerite party declared he was only preaching Church-ianity instead of Christianity. Still further, this church militant in law was already involved with citations and monitions and all the curious processes of the Ecclesiastical Court, instituted by people who found too late that Tom had no money to lose and "it's ill suing a Highlander for his breeks."

As Walker is a common name, I little thought of our old friend of Trinity, till Vincent, another old Trinity man, met me and remarked, "What asses people were to follow in all his vagaries; the most utter ignoramus, who had merely got hold of the catchwords of a party."

"Surely," I said, "it is not Tom Walker of Trinity? Why, he was the most ignorant fellow—read less and smoked more than any man in college."

"The same—the man of many plucks. He passed at last, I verily believe out of pity for his wife, for you remember he left for a year and returned to apartments in Beaumont Street, as a married man. He has been a dunce and an ass all his life. I was with the great donkey at the Peckham Academy before Oxford days. Being questioned one day at class about Joseph and his Brethren, Tom was asked about 'Fall not out by the way;' he said, 'Perhaps they had no tail-boards to the waggons mentioned, and they might tumble out.'"

Before long I met a man on the road with a white tie and straight-collared coat, which ill assimilated with that peculiar style and seat on a horse which was never learnt by quiet rides on the Queen's highway. After some little reference to college days, he said, "I suppose you have heard all about me. We are all High Church here; very busy this Easter with church decorations. All people were Low Church, except those who were nothing at all, when we were at old Trinity. Tractarians were then finding it out; but High Church proper could scarcely be said to be invented. It is a fine thing for women; something for them to do—to work monograms, festoon flowers, and help in the choir, leading to flirting ecclesiastical no little. I always was musical; my chants and introits are pronounced first-rate. Apostolical succession and notes of the true Church are the thing; it puzzles the dissenters to come up to that."

After some sly insinuation of mine, he said, "The people look up to me here; they know nothing about those plucks at college. You have read about the doings in the Ecclesiastical Court; the opposition can spend their money if they like. I take no notice of them. I enter no appearance and do not spend a penny. But they advertise me gratis, and herald the Rev. Thomas Gerald Walker's name all over England. The *Guardian* and the *Record* are full of it every week."

The truth was a certain clique in his parish, greeting this vent for their superfluous energy, would not listen to the sound advice that the silly fellow had better be left alone, so they really made the land ring with his name by ecclesiastical proceedings. Their expenses were thousands, Tom's were not one penny. He lit his pipe with every process served, showed me their bill of costs, quite a volume, incurred by them for him *not* to pay, as a curiosity. And when a distress was put into his house for costs, he amused himself and friends with the bailiff; for all the goods and chattels were not his but his mother's.

This is not the only case in which I have seen the noted dunces of college appear under false pretences, the oracles in some great question of Church or State.

Of all the sets the scholars' set was, as it should be, sober, intellectual, and in every sense improving. The present Lord Selborne, then Roundell Palmer, came up with a high reputation

as head of Winchester. Cardwell, Lowe and some of his school-fellows with the late Archbishop Tait, were frequent guests at the scholars' table. Well do I remember seeing Palmer returning to college, after receiving the announcement that he was elected Dean Ireland's scholar. This prize marked the best man of his day in scholarship, the contest being open to all the winners of other scholarships included. Dr. Scott was then beaten for the second time, as I think he was once more, and won at the fourth attempt. There was also John Thomas, the late examining chaplain to the Archbishop, and Mr. J. K. Rickards, well known at the bar. A few only of the steadier and the reading men of the college were in this set, and for the most part they lived as men who duly valued their academical advantages. Thomas Legh Cloughton, Bishop of St. Albans, had just passed into the number of the fellows of Trinity. John Thomas was a man of more talent than steady application. *On dit* he never would have sent in his Latin poem, which won the prize, had not Palmer and others, who admired what they read of it, shut him up in his room and insisted on his finishing it. The gifts of nature are more equally distributed than they seem. Gladstone, two years before, was second (*proximè accessit*) for the "Ireland." The prize was then won by Branker, a Shrewsbury boy, matriculated but not yet in residence, who was advised by his friend Scott to try, if only for practice, but the boy beat him as well as others, and won. Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury considered Branker worthy to be classed with his old pupils the Kennedys.

As to the Ireland scholarship, the most decided victory, distancing all his competitors, was that of Linwood, nephew of Miss Linwood, whose exhibition in Leicester Square of needle-work (copies of the largest paintings) was, about this time, one of the sights of London. Linwood, about nineteen years of age, surrounded by twenty candidates, most of them already winners of prizes, said, in the hearing of my friend Dickenson, "I know I shall win. True, Holden of Balliol was second last time; still though inferior in one point I shall make it up in others; and I shall win." One paper set was an imaginary speech of Medea in Greek iambs; the other candidates wrote from 20 to 25 lines; Linwood wrote 99, one short of 100. Soon after he contested the Latin scholarship, expressed the same confidence, and won. He has since published an edition of Sophocles and a Lexicon to *Æschylus*; he also edited *Musæ Oxonienses*. In all examinations much depends on luck, however much on merit. A scholar of Balliol was greatly assisted by having the same piece of Shakespeare, for Greek verse, which he had written under Kennedy's correction. A candidate at Trinity, set to translate into Latin elegiacs, "By the Waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," showed that he remembered Buchanan's rendering of this the best of all Buchanan's Latin psalms.

DEACON BOCOCK.

TO PASTORS AND MINISTERS.—Wanted for the Kingswin New Particular Baptist Congregation, a Minister. He must be young, earnest, evangelical, and opposed to new-fangled notions. Small salary (£60), with prospect of increase. Apply T.B., at Office of this paper.

"There, Lizzie, I reckon that's about the size of it," said Thomas Bocock, late deacon of the Particular Baptist Chapel at Kingswin, as he laid down his pen after writing the above advertisement. "Just write a note to Tom, my girl, and tell him to have it put in the *Christian World*, and any other papers he thinks likely. I'll stand the racket, you may tell him."

We say "late" deacon advisedly, for there had been a serious split in the Particular Baptist community at Kingswin, and Mr. Bocock's party having gone to the wall, that gentleman had been forced to lay down the title which had given him keener delight than all his cherished possessions put together—wife and children included.

The Kingswin Baptists had until very recently been a remarkably united set. They had unanimously agreed in looking down upon all neighbouring congregations of what sect soever, and in harrying their own minister for the time being. This was usually a very short time, for the people were so extremely strict that Calvin himself—saint as they professed to consider him in the abstract—would not have been bigoted enough to have pleased them for a year together.

The split arose in this way. The harmonium, which had done duty for many a long year, had at length arrived at such a condition that the expert who had been consulted averred it out of the power of mortal to mend, and the people decided that a new instrument of some kind must be bought. A rival deacon to Mr. Bocock proposed that the congregation should purchase a second-hand organ, which he insisted was a pleasant instrument to listen to, and would give dignity to the services. To this motion, principally because it was proposed by his rival, Deacon Bocock objected on the ground of expense, and he would probably have succeeded in squashing it, had not Deacon Thompkins trumped him by showing that organs were mentioned in Scripture while harmoniums were not, and that Calvin had been charmed by the sound of the nobler instrument, but certainly never listened to the dulcet strains of the seraphine.

The argument was overwhelming; the Bocock party was left in a hopeless minority, and the organ was duly purchased. That it could not be paid for was a matter of minor importance, as a loan society was found willing to advance a sufficient sum to cover the difference, taking a kind of chattel mortgage upon the instrument as security.

For a time the organ acted like a charm. The congregation increased so much that Deacon Bocock privately began to think that he had been unwise in his opposition, and looked out anxiously for some loophole of escape from the fingers of scorn which he was convinced the Thompkins party mentally pointed at him.

His chance seemed long in coming. True the opposition started a choir, but they cleverly divided his house against himself by appointing his daughter, Lizzie, first treble; and the weakness of the father outweighed the scruples of the deacon. Whether the enmity would have died away or not is an open question, but Miss Lizzie sang so prodigiously loud and oft, that her voice gave way and the doctor declared that she must never sing again. To whom should her place be given but to a niece of Deacon Thompkins, a pretty self-willed girl, who in whatever she proposed was sure of carrying the younger male portion of the choir with her, and they in their turn exercised such a drawing power over the maiden songstresses that Miss Thompkins virtually had the musical part of the services under her own control. Now what in the height of her triumph should this mischievous young woman do but propose that one of the hymns should be superseded by an anthem. Her only motive no doubt was to obtain the chance of showing off her voice in solo parts. Mr. Bocock, however, did not think so. He was satisfied that anthems were a device of Satan's, in the abstract, and in this instance a device expressly levelled at his family. Over this simple matter as pretty a little quarrel as you could wish to see commenced; Deacon Bocock leading the party who disapproved of the innovation, and Deacon Thompkins those musical souls who supported the choir. At length the broil culminated at a prayer meeting, in which Mr. Bocock publicly prayed that the Devil might come out of the organ. This mysterious phrase so aggravated the Thompkins party that they unanimously decided that the sight of their adversaries would quite prevent their ever getting any good out of a service at which their opponents were present.

As the choir was composed of every one who had a vestige of a voice, Mr. Bocock's following was weak in numbers if strong in argument, and suffering the usual fate of weakness, went, as we have said, emphatically to the wall. An old chapel being to let, the discomfited section moved to it in a body, announcing loudly that they would have nothing to do with new-fangled ways, which eventually would land the walkers therein in the bottomless pit.

The only person who objected to this proceeding was the quiet peace-loving old man who was then serving as pastor, but as he was already under notice to leave (for having allowed that the established church might have its good points), his opinion was of no importance either way.

A minister for the seceders was an absolute necessity and the choice of one was left to Deacon Bocock, who, indeed, took entire management of the new sect. The congregation was so small and the salary they could offer so poor, that the task was by no means an easy one. At length Mr. Bocock was reduced to the extremity of writing the advertisement we have seen him deliver to his daughter, as the only way he could see of supplying the spiritual needs of his followers.

* * * *

Paul Conway was sitting in his rooms on a top floor in Clarendon College, Oxon, when his eye chanced to light on Mr. Bocock's advertisement. A young man, very decided if not very constant, he at once determined to try for the place. Paul Conway was the only son of a struggling doctor in a north country town. That he was a man of good natural ability was undeniable, but both he and his friends vastly over-rated it. Having got some few articles printed (but not paid for) in a magazine which had once held a high place in literature, long since vanished for ever, he was convinced that he was a great literary genius, and, through winning a small open scholarship, that he was a born scholar. By dint of considerable sacrifices he was sent to Oxford, where he soon found that his true level was not a very high one. His hopes of literary distinction vanished, and the vastness of the law overwhelmed him. Almost hopelessly he turned to the study of divinity, and had read hard, when, at the end of his second year, he went home for the long vacation. It is to be feared that his friends had found out their mistake and treated him very like a goose indeed; and the poor lad became disheartened. A revivalist visited the town and Paul found out that his true scope was that of a preacher. He had been brought up as a Baptist and determined to devote his life to the interests of the communion. Overflowing with zeal, he went back to Oxford without saying a word of his intentions to any one, and conscious that if he did not find some way of earning money, this term must be his last. Everything he tried at failed, and on the evening in question he was sitting in his rooms in a state of almost hopeless misery.

He answered the advertisement and for once fortune favoured him. Before the week was over he received a formal letter from Deacon Bocock, requesting him to preach at Kingswin for a couple of Sundays, so that the congregation might see how they liked him before committing themselves to his guidance.

Mr. Conway's trial sermons were a great success, and, considering the trouble he took in preparing them, they ought to have been.

For days before he had read everything that bore on the subject he had chosen; and being really in earnest, he was both impressive and interesting. Besides, if he was not a scholar, his learning was profound compared with that of the general run of ministers with which Kingswin had been favoured.

Deacon Bocock was in the seventh heaven of delight as he walked home by the side of his *protégé*, after the evening service was over. If Mr. Conway was covered with glory, was it not reflected on Mr. Bocock, who had obtained him? To hear the deacon talk, one would have thought that the minister was the result of days of work and nights of prayer, instead of nine and fourpence expended in newspaper ink.

"We shall do, sir, we shall do," he said puffily, as they succeeded in shaking off the last of the many brothers and sisters who had crowded to shake hands with the excitement of the hour. "We shall do, sir, I say, and, please heaven, we'll put t'other lot's candle out."

This was scarcely the religious light in which Mr. Conway would have liked the matter viewed, and between trying to look grave at the lightness of the remark, and yet not so stern as to offend his patron, he succeeded in looking exquisitely foolish.

"Never see a chapel so crowded in Kingswin afore, never in all my born days. If you go on a preaching like this, why, you'll empty all the other preachin' places—chapels they calls 'em, I calls 'em preachin' places—and the work of the Lord will ride on and prosper mightily."

"You forget, Mr. Bocock, I am not appointed yet," interposed Paul.

"I knows as you ain't down right received a regular letter of appointment, but, lor, what does that matter. I says you'll do, and I appoint you. I'd like to see the man as 'ud oppose me here! Why, sir, don't you know as I set up this little Bethel upon the hill of Zion! I don't want to flatter you—that ain't Deacon Bocock's way, let me tell you he's a true Briton, he is; he's cut out after the pattern of the Apostle Paul, and speaks out his mind, please or offend—but I must say, Mr. Conway, sir, as I think our Bethel may thank heaven for putting it in my head to stick that advertisement in the paper as brought you here."

"You rate me too highly, I fear," protested Paul, his face flushed with pleasure.

"No, that I don't. You're a tidyish preacher and you're a scholar into the bargain. What other place is there in Kingswin as has got an Oxford gent? Why the man as calls hisself our vicar—I calls him the nicker, for he nicks a fine lot of money out of us poor dissenters' pockets every year—he's only been to Cambridge as I've heerd, and every fool knows as they's no good and never makes no show in this world of sin and misery. Not a penny does this nicker spend in my shop year in and year out, but he

must deal with his own people, says he. Where's the Christian charity, I'd like to know, in a man as talks like that," he continued, waxing indignant. "He calls every body his brethren, he does, but he don't see putting a penny in his brother Bocock's way, not he. You set your mind at rest, Mr. Conway, and come and make your abode with us as soon as you can; you're appointed pastor of this place, thanks be to heaven, and may your ministry be blessed to our good and to your'n."

Paul Conway would have found it no easy task to make a suitable reply to this delightful mixture of religion and spite, but, fortunately for him, the pair had arrived at the shop in which Deacon Bocock pursued his worldly avocation of selling sugar, pickles, and tobacco, and so no reply was necessary. It had been arranged that Paul should sleep at the deacon's, so as to be in readiness for the meeting, on the morrow, of the members of Bethel who were to examine and appoint him. Admirable as this arrangement was, it had the unhappy effect of preventing Mrs. Bocock hearing the sermon, as she was perfectly convinced that she could not do due honour to the new preacher unless she stayed at home to superintend the cooking of a prodigious supper, supposed to be absolutely necessary for the support of Mr. Conway's frame, enfeebled as it was by preaching two long sermons.

And, pray, where was Miss Lizzie, the beauteous daughter of the house, all this time? She had been to chapel, and was lingering a few yards behind discussing for the tenth time the merits of the new acquisition with her bosom friend, Kate Davis, the daughter of one of Bethel's trusted elders.

"Now, confess, Kate, isn't he perfectly charming. Such a good preacher and so handsome! Did you notice his hair, dear? It was so nicely parted and so smooth and shining; not like that wretched old Mr. Russel's, which always looked as if he had been drawn through a hedge backwards. I do like to see a minister with a nice head of hair; that is, if he is at all good looking. It seems to rest one so to look at it when one is tired of listening to the sermon. Don't it seem so to you, Kate?"

Miss Davis agreed, as in duty bound, and added that for her part she thought tidiness ought to be ranked next to godliness, for she was sure no one could be clean who wasn't tidy.

"And did you notice his collar, one of those all round things which look as if they had no fastening! While he was at dinner to-day—he was sitting with his back to the sideboard, you know—I pretended to want some bread and got behind him just to see how he put it on. And, oh Kate, I thought I should have died with shame, for pa said, in his rough way, 'Whatever are you staring at the back of Mr. Conway's neck for, Lizzie; has he got a boil there?' I ran out of the room, I felt so foolish. Whatever must he think, Kate? Wasn't it horrid of pa? I was so ashamed that I could not go back into the room again, so I came

straight off to school. I don't know how I shall dare to go in even now."

Miss Davis laughed. "I suppose you must do it somehow, it will look odder still if you don't go in to-night. Do you know, Lizzie, I could not help thinking, while he was describing the marriage feast so beautifully, and saying how husband and wife should grow together, what a handsome couple you and he would make."

Miss Bocock was not impervious to such delicate flattery, but appearances must be kept up, even at the cost of vanity.

"For shame, Kate," she said, severely, "I don't think it at all right to talk about ministers in that way. Now a minister never seems like an ordinary man to me; one can't think of him except as an oracle (Miss Lizzie meant an ambassador)—and—and as something quite spiritual and superior, you know."

"But a minister is a man, dear," urged Miss Davis, "and ministers do get married."

"They oughtn't to," rejoined Lizzie, decisively; "they never should let people find out the man side of them. I think when a minister gets married women lose a good deal of their reverence for him."

"All I can say is that I hope you won't separate the man and the minister too much, Lizzie," said her friend, not without a touch of satire.

"Don't be so hateful and so—so——"

"What, dear?"

"So vulgar, if you must have it," said Miss Bocock, a trifle spitefully.

They had by this time arrived at the deacon's shop.

"Won't you come in?" asked Lizzie after a pause.

"No, a vulgar person isn't wanted where there is a man who is not to be thought of as a man," replied Kate, laughing. "But seriously, it is so late that I must get home. Good-night, dear."

Quite unmindful that she had just declared her friend hateful, Lizzie kissed her several times and then disappeared through the side door.

Her shyness caused her to linger in her room, putting nervous little touches to her toilette till she had been summoned three times to supper, when, dreading some discomforting remarks from her father, she hurried downstairs in a not unbecoming series of blushes.

Now truth compels us to admit that Miss Lizzie was a young lady by no means unpleasing to the carnal eye. She was fresh, fair, and bonny. *Æsthetic* people may have complained that her cheeks were too much like red roses, and her form savoured more of Rubens than Burne Jones, but they are notoriously hard to please, and by common-place people Miss Bocock was allowed to be a fine, and even handsome, girl; and now, covered in

blushes, as she paused at the door with a pretty air of confusion, she looked perfectly charming. At least so thought Paul Conway, who was not an unsusceptible youth.

The supper passed off merrily. The deacon, if rough, was genial and hospitable; Mrs. Bocock attentive and agreeable; Lizzie subdued, yet winning, and Paul courteous and flattering; so much so, indeed, that before the meal was well over Miss Lizzie began to doubt whether after all it was quite wise for ministers to live alone. The cloth drawn and spirits and cigars produced the deacon became yet more hearty.

"You've no need to worry about the meeting to-morrow," he said to Paul, "I tell you as they'll be only too glad to get you. Now what I wonders at is how a gentleman like you can come to a place like this?"

"I feel it a call, sir," said Paul solemnly.

"Aye, I'm sure it's a call, and you've done your duty to follow it; and mind, I ain't so sure as you've done badly neither. Let me tell you, sir, we folks at Bethel ain't a lot as 'ull stick at a few pounds, not us, we can be liberal when we likes a man. You go on a drawing the people in, and we'll see as you gets a good hire; we won't stick at sixty pounds a year, no, nor six hundred for the matter of that. And Kingswin ain't a place where a man don't get no advancement. Why the last President of the 'ticular Baptist conference was once a minister at that chapel above there."

This was strictly true, but Mr. Bocock forgot to mention that the gentleman in question had been dismissed, after a few months, for the crime of being too liberal-minded.

Paul could not speak; visions of great possibilities were crowding into his mind.

"Come, you ain't got nought to drink, sir," said the hospitable host, "what, no more grog. I insist. There, mix him some more, my girl. Another drop 'ull never hurt you, Mr. Conway. Here's towards you, and may you fill Bethel and ride on prosperously."

Lizzie concocted the mixture as she was told and handed it to our hero so gracefully, that the unhappy youth took a yet deeper dive into the ocean of love.

As he took the glass their hands met, and both blushed.

"Whatever are you both blushing for?" demanded the deacon noisily, "Lor bless me, if one wouldn't think you was two lovers."

"Hold your noise, Thomas, and don't be a fool," broke in Mrs. Bocock angrily. She, too, had observed the danger signal, but had no mind to prevent a pleasant collision.

The old lady's well-meant reproof threw a damp over all the party, and each was relieved when the host suggested bed. The fair Lizzie passed the night in happy dreams of being a minister's wife, the centre of a brilliant social circle, and the envied of maiden and matron alike. Paul, less sentimental, dreamt of sitting, grave and dignified, the president of a

religious convention, a famed preacher for whose utterance thousands waited breathlessly, and the leader of great movements. As we do not wish to make this story too prosaic, we decline to mention what the deacon and his wife's dreams were about.

Paul's appointment was duly ratified, and for the next few months he was quite a little demi-god. The congregation of Bethel increased amain, and funds poured in with gratifying rapidity. Already the trustees had felt justified in doubling his salary, openly prophesying as they did so the great things that were laid up for him in the immediate future. Yet, though he was welcomed at the fireside of every worshipper at Bethel chapel, who produced their finest china in his honour, and vied with each other in endeavouring to ruin his digestion with cakes and comfits, it must be confessed the Rev. Paul, as we must henceforth call him, was a little lonely. To counteract this feeling he diligently applied himself to theology, and grew increasingly earnest and narrow, which last especially gave immense satisfaction.

Mr. Conway was not a constant man, and as he tired of solitary study, he saw clearly that it was a paramount duty for a minister to mix with his flock. Gradually he became an almost nightly visitor at the deacon's house, and, even in the daytime, might often be found leaning over the piano, while Miss Lizzie's voice, apparently to prove the ignorance of the doctor, had returned in its wonted freshness and volume. Paul persuaded himself that he was deeply in love with the singer, and that only prudential reasons prevented him taking the final plunge. The deacon, who had unlimited faith in his *protégé*, could see no reason to object, nor could Mrs. Bocock, who had long since decided that pale pink should be the colour of her daughter's wedding gown; nor, in truth, could Lizzie herself. Many were the sly innuendoes which she had to put up with from her girl friends, and did not disrelish; and the remarks about as delicately pointed as a pickaxe with which the elder members of Bethel indulged her. She even ceased to protest against the hints which Miss Davis threw out about people who once said that ministers ought not to marry, but had soon changed their minds: so we may fairly conclude that Miss Bocock had begun to contemplate a change in her condition with equanimity if not with actual pleasure.

Paul, too, had to run the gauntlet of remarks, to which his marked preference for a certain young person laid him open, so often that he lost his stereotyped blush and began to consider himself a very clever fellow for conquering a heart which had never offered any serious resistance. The deacon was well known to be a pretty warm man, and more than once he openly told Paul that if his daughter married according to his (her

father's) liking, he "meant to do the thing handsomely and no mistake!"

Why then did not this miserable youth summon up his courage and ask the loving Lizzie to be his wife? Had he done so he would have altered the whole course of his life, but then this story could never have been written.

To let the cat out of the bag, the Rev. Paul Conway was something of a snob, and did not altogether care about having a father-in-law who was in trade. Besides, he was not sufficiently in love with Lizzie to be blind to certain little solecisms in her manners not customary in good society, and he was doubtful whether, when he became a famous preacher in some populous town, the girl would not be rather a hindrance than a help to him.

He had been at Kingawin about eight or nine months, when a charitable meeting took place in which everybody calling themselves Christians professed to take an interest, and, like all the other ministers in the town he was asked to speak and did so with overwhelming success. When the meeting was over he was introduced to the Rev. Arthur Daborn, a young man who had recently been chosen by the Particular Baptists to fill the place of old Mr. Russel, dismissed for allowing that there was any good point in the establishment.

Mr. Daborn was both quiet and modest. His congregation was of the smallest, and his salary was in strict proportion to the number of his hearers, so that Paul seemed in his eyes quite a rich man, and he was fully disposed to pay our hero the deference due from a fledgeling to a bird that has feathered its nest.

Paul acknowledged the introduction with graceful condescension, and as the other did not seem inclined to be presuming was inclined to be friendly.

"Quite a stranger in Kingswin, I suppose," he said.

"Quite," was the response.

"Rather a dull place, a dull place," rejoined Paul with a pompous air of taking it under his protection. "But we must do our best to make it endurable for you. I shall be glad to introduce you to all the people worth knowing."

Mr. Daborn was vastly obliged but feared being too troublesome.

"Not at all, not at all," Paul assured him. "By the way, will you call on me? I live at 40, High Street, and I assure you, you will confer quite a pleasure, and I may possibly be of use to you as well. We may differ about trivial matters, Mr. Daborn, but we are both pastors, both pastors, sir, and ought to be friends."

Mr. Daborn duly called, and little by little he and Paul became as friendly as the other's sense of his own dignity permitted. Through knowing the shepherd Paul was gradually led to form the acquaintance of various members of the flock, and amongst these was Miss Ethel, the niece of the before-mentioned Deacon Thompkins, and the young lady who had stirred up such a broil by

her unwise love of anthems. As we have previously remarked, the Rev. Paul was a susceptible youth not remarkable for his constancy, and Miss Ethel's beauty made a great impression on him. She, a quick-witted and coquettish maiden, was neither slow to see his weakness nor to take advantage, for her own private ends, of the handsome minister's partiality. Besides, it was too good an opportunity of paying back Miss Bocock's bitter speeches to be passed heedlessly by, and so this young lady deliberately laid herself out to win Paul from his first love's side.

Ethel's powers of attraction were considerable. Besides her pretty piquant face, shaded with masses of hair which caught every gleam of light in its innumerable ripples, and a figure as dainty as that of a Greek statue, she possessed a timid pleading manner which the youth of Kingswin had hitherto proved unable to resist, and boasted a fund of confidentially sentimental small talk which left Miss Bocock's cumbersome gush entirely in the cold.

All these combined attractions soon subjugated the easily conquered heart of the Rev. Paul Conway, and Ethel usurped the place which Lizzie had held in his day dreams. If any other excuses, besides those which Ethel's pretty self supplied, were required to justify the minister's altered views, they were not wanting. Deacon Bocock might be a warm man, but Deacon Thompkins was a warmer. While the one had both son and daughter to share his wealth, the other had but a niece. Mr. Bocock was still a grocer, but Mr. Thompkins had long since ceased to deal in ironmongery and lived on his means. Nor would Ethel ever be such a drag on her husband as Lizzie might prove, for the former's manners were far more finished, and she could not have dressed in better taste had she been born to the purple. To higher reasons Paul never gave a thought: it would not have mattered if he had; both were equally vain and frivolous.

Ever since Mr. Conway's famous speech at the meeting, Deacon Thompkins had hungered to count him among his friends, and he availed himself of the minister's friendship with Daborn to get him to Myrtle Grange, the villa in which the deacon and his niece resided.

Mr. Thompkin's garden was a large one, and had it been laid out for the express purpose of love-making could not have fulfilled its object better. It was full of shady walks, and alcoves hidden by high shrubs and, moreover, it boasted an ample tennis lawn.

"Do you play tennis?" Ethel asked Paul as she showed him round the garden on the occasion of his first visit.

"I regret to say it is not an accomplishment of mine," he replied eagerly. "Will you teach me?"

"I should like to," she replied with a fascinating smile, "I am sure you would learn to play directly, and it will be lovely to have some one to play with who is not stupid like the Kingswin people."

The young man went to learn as a lamb goes to the slaughter, and was not sorry to meet death at such pretty hands.

Miss Thompkins had made one mistake, Paul did not learn quickly. So slow was he that it became absolutely necessary for him to go day after day for weeks together. Kingswin was too small a place for this not to be known, and too dull for it not to be discussed. When the news first came to Lizzie Bocock's ears she scouted it as an idle tale, but the proof was overwhelming, and she became furious at Paul's defection. Nor was the deacon less angry. If he could have had his way Paul would have been bundled out of the place at a moment's notice; but it would not do to raise a scandal lest the enemy should blaspheme, so he was forced to swallow his wrath and to appear as friendly as ever till chance should show him a weak place in the whilom idol's religious armour.

As Paul's visits to Deacon Thompkins multiplied so his evenings at the Bococks' decreased. Before he had learnt the art of lawn tennis he discovered that Miss Ethel was the only person he had ever met who could interpret Mendelssohn properly, and instead of listening to Lizzie's piano he leant over that of her rival.

More than once Mr. Bocock surlily warned him not to have so many dealings with the unfruitful workers of darkness, and poor Paul could only excuse himself by alleging that he did it in the hope that by mixing with these benighted people he might lead them to the higher light of Bethel. But Mr. Bocock was not always surly; coarse and pigheaded as he was, the man was sincere in his belief, and possessed a warm heart that had opened towards the minister, and sometimes he argued with Paul in an affectionate manner which the young man found hard to resist. Yet the spell of fair Ethel was over him, and he had neither the strength nor the will to break free.

"Much love-making doth not well agree with much study." The truth of this saying was soon exemplified in the case of the Rev. Paul Conway. How, in the name of fate, could he attend to his flock and get up two sermons a week, when most of his afternoons were spent in the shady garden, and his evenings in listening to the voice of the charmer as she sang plaintive German ballads descriptive of the woes of maidens whose love was not returned?

The thing was impossible. Paul fell into the habit of hastily making a few notes on Saturday night and then trying to make a sermon from them as he stood before his congregation on the following day. The result was that his addresses were vapid and strained; their earnestness and interest had vanished; and at least twice the very deacons themselves were heard to snore during their delivery.

On one occasion he was too lazy even to do this, and preached an old sermon in the futile hope that he might not be found out;

but the lecture he got from Mr. Boccock prevented a repetition of the experiment.

In spite of his miserable sermons his congregation might have kept up had he but attended to his visiting. If he promised he did not go. The best tea cups were dusted, and the richest cakes made, but the minister came not; and when the would-be hosts came to inquire, they found he had been seen at Myrtle Grange swathed in flannel and with a glorified battledore in his hand. One by one the aggrieved members deserted for some other chapel where the pastor knew his duty better, and Bethel never saw them again.

The sight of the empty pews enraged Deacon Boccock more than even the pallid looks of his daughter. He determined to "have it out" with Paul at the earliest opportunity. Accordingly on one fine Sunday morning in October he waylaid the minister, as spick and span, he was on his road to chapel.

"Good morning, my dear deacon," said Paul as he shook hands. "The sky is fair above us and the seed time indeed propitious; let us earnestly hope hearts may to-day be as ready to receive the true seed as is the newly-ploughed ground around us earthly seed."

The deacon grunted; he was not to be put off in this way.

"Look here, Mr. Conway," he said, roughly. "What's the meaning of these 'ere empty pews. Here's the Stumtons, and the Pipers, and old Major and his wife, all left within the last three weeks. Now, what's the meaning of it all?"

"It certainly looks as if the cause were not prospering," Paul hastened to reply; "but, I assure you it is not so. Mr. Major and his wife are leaving the town, and the Pipers have developed views against predestination which renders it unwise for them to be longer in communion with us. Let us not despair of them; they may yet repent, though it be by means of tribulation and at the eleventh hour. And, my dear deacon, I am hoping that ere long we may have such an increase—from what quarter you full well know—that if need be we will consider whether it be not necessary to enlarge the walls of our Zion."

Paul's manner was so earnest that the deacon was puzzled, yet he was not prepared to give in at once.

"You've promised us that so often," he grumbled, "and we don't see it no nearer now than it was months ago."

"And how often is that the case in this world?" asked Paul grandiloquently, "how often do we toil and fight, and yet day by day passes till the days have become months and the months years, and yet we see not the result of our labours, and are well-nigh tempted to despair. Yet the fruit cometh at length, and each sunbeam and each drop of dew has helped to bring it to perfection, although we cannot say when or how."

"That's as true as the gospel," admitted the appeased deacon;

"but are you quite sure about the harvest time being pretty near?"

"I am," said Paul solemnly, "and I rejoice, for I shall then be justified in giving more time to my own flock, from whom this circumstance has caused me for a time to appear separated."

In saying this he was not altogether a hypocrite, for he fondly hoped that when he married Ethel, she might win over most of the old Particular Baptist congregation.

"You've certainly been pretty well separated, I must say," said the deacon; "folks are grumbling all around and I don't blame 'em neither. There you are at old Thompkins' day arter day, and never comes anear them as hires you."

"I would gather in the lost," said Paul.

"You might keep others from straying a bit, I reckon, as well. Folks don't pay you to neglect 'em, let me tell you, Mr. Conway. But there, this 'ere's a nasty subject for a good Sabbath morning, and when all's said and done the people won't mind if you only bring some over in the end, I'll go bail. Now, I wants to talk to you about another matter. The friends here once went a coupling your name with my daughter's, in a way as might a been displeasing to some fathers, but I own it warn't to me. I made up my mind from the first that if you took a liking to my girl I wouldn't interfere with the hand of Providence, and I told the old lady so. And her and me agreed not to throw no obstacles in the way of your weddin' my lass. Now you blowed pretty hot on her yourself, at one time, but lately you've blowed cold, and gone more than either I or my daughter likes arter that niece of old Thompkins. There you are, morning, noon and night, and you can't wonder as my lass feels it, when not so long ago you were for ever dangling at her elbow. Now, Mr. Conway, I ain't going to stand it any longer: me and my girl's bad 'uns to shilly-shally with; do you mean to ask her or don't you? I didn't want to interfere, but I can't bear to see my dear lass agoin' about as if she'd just been dug out of her grave."

Paul turned as red as a peony. That he *had* blown hot and cold, he could not deny. How to answer the deacon he did not know; the speech was so direct that he could scarcely hope to temporize.

"Deacon Bocock," he said, after a brief pause, "I own there is no lamb in my flock in whom I have more interest, or for whom I entertain warmer feelings, than for your dear daughter."

"That's all right," interrupted the father, giving him a hearty slap on the back, "that's all right, then; take her and she'll make you a good wife, and God bless you both, I say."

"You mistake my meaning," said Paul hastily; "it is because I entertain so warm a feeling for Miss Bocock that I cannot ask her to become my wife."

The deacon was puzzled.

"Whatever do you mean? Who ever heard of a sane man objecting to marry a girl because he was too fond of her!"

"Besides," continued Paul, taking no notice of his remark, "my salary is far too small to permit me to dream of marrying a lady whom I respect as deeply as I do Miss Boccock. I could not think of taking her from a comfortable home to share my poverty."

"That's no need to stand in your way," said the deacon. "I don't say as your sentiments don't do you honour, and all that, but my girl never need marry into poverty. I'll do the thing sufficiently handsome as she can be kept like a lady."

There were but two ways left open to Paul. Either he must promise the deacon that he should have his heart's desire, or he must tell the truth. The struggle was a short one, for the vision of Ethel rose before him, and he chose the latter course.

"I must tell you plainly, then, Mr. Boccock, that I dare not marry your daughter, for I don't love her in the way a man should love the woman he intends to make his wife. I thought I did once, but I have found my mistake. I dare not ruin Lizzie's life by letting her tie herself to a man who has only respect and esteem to give in return."

"In plain words, you've been amusing yourself with Lizzie, as far as I can make out of your fine phrases," broke out the enraged father; "I suppose the truth is, you're sweet on that girl of Thompkin's, now; ain't that it?"

The violent blush that suffused Paul's face revealed the truth.

"Look here, Mr. Conway," said the deacon, restraining himself with a visible effort, "if I told you what I really think of you, I should use words as don't come well out of the mouth of a Christian man, let alone a deacon. I ain't going to waste any words over reproaching such a thing as you, only I will say as I never want to see you again, and"—with a sudden burst of passion—"if I catch you in my house again, or a speaking to my lass, I'll kick you out of the town."

"Don't go away like that," cried Paul, clutching his arm, as the deacon angrily turned to leave. "For God's sake, think of the scandal you will cause—you, a deacon!"

Mr. Boccock paused. Angry as he was, he could not resist the appeal. Bethel and the "cause" were very dear to him.

"Come along, then, only don't you speak to me," he said roughly, as he turned towards the chapel. "I shan't say nothing about this to any one; your conscience will lead you a fine life without any one else saying anything. Not as I cares for you, but I do care for the cause and for my daughter's good name. I'll stick by the chapel, too, only I shan't be so liberal towards the preacher's salary as long as you stop, I can tell you. Here have you been a taking my money, and eating and drinking at my table, and then

playing fast and loose with my daughter! You are a scoundrel and a villain, Mr. Conway."

The pair parted at the door of Bethel, to all appearance as friendly as usual, and Paul went to the vestry, while the deacon saw to his duties in a dazed mechanical way.

Paul was in no mood for preaching that day. He had spent most of his time during the week either by Ethel's side, or in doing little things to please her. He had never so much as thought of his sermons till it was time for him to leave for the service. He had hurriedly caught up a little volume of sermons, intending to glance at one on his road to chapel, and then use it as the basis of his address. Of course his interview with the deacon had knocked this hope on the head, and as he could not collect his thoughts sufficiently to speak extemporarily, he was reduced to the necessity of hiding the little volume behind the big Bible, and surreptitiously reading the first sermon he opened at. Unhappily it was one that was not suitable to the congregation, and the people sat bolt upright with surprise at the atrocious sentiments which fell from the lips of their preacher.

"And what shall we say then, my brethren," read Paul abstractedly. "What shall we say then of those people who teach the damnable doctrine that some are brought into the world with the full knowledge on the part of their Creator that do what they will, live as holy lives as they may, be in fact saints on earth, still there can be no possibility of salvation for them. Is not such a doctrine a demoralizing one? Am I not correct in calling it damnable? Ought not those who, as do some sections of so-called Christians, and especially those unhappy people who follow the lead of that deceiver Calvin, ought not such, I ask, to hide themselves from the face of man, as they cannot from the wrath of heaven."

Paul was so agitated that he read this unfortunate passage without a glimmer of its meaning, till, as he looked up at the close of the paragraph and saw the little sea of scowling faces before him, what he had done flashed upon him. He hurriedly concluded the service and vanished into the vestry.

He had scarcely taken off his gown when Deacon Bocock, followed by the other elders, burst into the vestry. The deacon's face wore such an expression of disgusted triumph, that Paul at once gave himself up for lost.

"Oh, Mr. Conway, Mr. Conway, whatever have you been saying?" exclaimed one of the elders.

Deacon Bocock rudely thrust the speaker on one side, saying, "Don't waste words on him. See here, Mr. Conway," he continued, "we engaged you as a Calvinist and you've been preaching directly against the creed. It's an insult, I tell you, sir, and we won't stand it. You've neglected us long enough, and what's more you've been preaching such rubbish this time past, as has

sent most of the people into the realms of darkness. It's time such doings came to an end. Brothers," he added, turning to the other men, "we must have a meeting on Wednesday evening to consider what we are to do, and till we've decided we won't trouble Mr. Conway to preach here again."

Without even a glance at Paul he left the room, and the others followed him like a flock of sheep follow an old bell-wether.

Paul well knew what the ominous words meant, and resolved to forestall the dismissal which he saw was impending by a resignation. But before he did so he must consult Ethel. Accordingly he swallowed a hasty meal and set off for Myrtle Grange.

He was exceedingly relieved to hear that Ethel had not gone to the Sunday School, and was sitting in the garden. Telling the servant not to waken Mr. Thompkins, who was enjoying his afternoon nap, Paul hurried round the garden till he found the girl sitting under the shade of some trees in a retired corner. She welcomed him with a rather forced smile, and had he not been so immersed in his own troubles, he would have seen that her face was wet with tears.

She looked very grave as he told her his miserable story. When he had finished she looked up and said sadly, "You must resign, there is no help for it. Bad as it is, it is better than being dismissed, and they would be sure to dismiss you. We shall be so sorry to lose you."

Infinitely comforted by her sorrowful tone, Paul seized her reluctant hand in his.

"Ethel," he said, "I have been wicked and foolish, but I have erred through my love of you. Will you be my wife?"

"Are you in earnest," she asked, starting up, and hurriedly withdrawing her hand from his grasp. "Oh, I am more sorry than I can tell. I never thought you were really fond of me."

"Why sorry?" demanded Paul, eagerly.

"I always thought you were almost engaged to Miss Bocoek," said the girl evasively.

"I think you must have seen that I loved you, Ethel," Paul replied. "Tell me why you should be sorry."

"I really never thought you loved me," she protested earnestly. "I knew you liked to be with me, and I was always glad of your company. I know I did what people call encourage you, and I will tell you why, shameful as it is. I am engaged to my cousin Jack Ferrers, and he has quarrelled with Uncle Thompkins, who swears he will never leave either of us a penny if we speak to each other, and what he would say if he knew I had promised to be Jack's wife, I dare not think. At the time I first knew you I fancied uncle suspected me, and I tried to blind him by seeming to be fond of you. If I had really thought you cared for me, I would sooner have died than acted as I did; but every one said you were fond of Lizzie Bocoek. I am so sorry, so wretched. I would do

anything to undo the mischief I have done ; but I can't give up Jack," and the girl hid her face in her hands, and cried as if her heart would break.

Poor Paul turned as white as a sheet.

"Is this all true, Ethel?" he gasped.

"Quite," she cried. "Say you forgive me, Paul; you have been such a comfort to me, and my life was so desolate."

"I forgive you," he said; "I love you too much to be angry with you, Ethel, but you have spoilt my life."

"Don't say that," she moaned.

Paul turned away; the sun-light was gone out of his life. All he cared for now was to get away from Kingswin. As soon as he got to his lodgings, he sat down and wrote a note to Deacon Bocock resigning his charge; and then packing up his few belongings, took the first train that left for the north.

His disappearance caused a great amount of scandal, and for a few weeks Mr. Bocock's bed was not one of roses. At the end of this time, however, a great event happened. Miss Ethel, grieved at her own misconduct, summoned up her courage and made a clean breast of it to her uncle. After a furious burst of anger the old man forgave her, and to keep her out of harm's way for the future, offered to provide handsomely for her and Jack, provided they married at once. Mr. Bocock made the young couple a splendid present, which so gratified his old enemy, that Mr. Thompkins actually made overtures to him to rejoin the Particular Baptists, even offering him his old status as deacon, a situation he still fulfils with great dignity and credit. Two or three years later the Rev. Arthur Daborn discovered that Miss Lizzie had long held his heart, and so offered her his hand; and when last heard of the Kingswin Baptists were such a remarkably united and friendly body that they are held up as a pattern to all the other congregations for ten miles round.

We should incur everlasting odium if we neglected to say something about the history of Paul. Shortly after he left Kingswin, he came in for a small legacy, and by its aid he returned to Oxford and took his degree. Then he obtained the post of assistant master at a private school, and at length consoled himself for the cruelty of Ethel Thompkins, by marrying the master's daughter. Report says that the principal contemplates retiring in Paul's favour before long.

Be this as it may we are sure that no amount of influence will ever tempt Mr. Conway into a pulpit again; he is too diffident and self-distrustful; the lesson was severe, but it bore wholesome fruit.

EASTER-TIDE AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "DIARY OF A PLAIN GIRL," &c.

Mount Edgecumbe, Tunbridge Wells,

April.

DEAR PSYCHE,

Please cancel your order at the stationer's for foreign note-paper, and do not trouble to lay in a supply of 2½d. stamps. It is not going to be Rome, it is not going to be the Riviera; Ortrud and I have given up our more ambitious plans, and have settled down quietly in the homely Kentish country for our Easter holiday. And what, I hear you ask, are your reasons for this meek and uninteresting proceeding? Lack of funds, lack of time, and a most plentiful lack of energy. Moreover, I by no means share your truly insular conviction that "abroad" (vague and vast region!) is the only place to go to in search of enjoyment. I have every intention of "putting in a good time" without crossing the Channel for it, or even the river Tweed.

The place is new to Ortrud, but I was here last year with Adeline (who has gone the way of all flesh and got married), and we have been fortunate enough to secure the old lodgings. Fortunate, I say. Picture it, you cockney!—a white, irregular wooden house, all windows and corners, standing alone on a high shoulder of gorse-covered down. All around stretches the wide, green country, rising, falling—woodland and meadow and waste. There are wonderful lights and shadows, mists, hazes, splashes of colour, such as I verily believe one sees nowhere out of old England. Here and there a house gleams white through the trees, or a straggling scarlet line marks where a village nestles against the hill-side. Fresh breezes—capricious, uncertain, full of the vague fragrance of early spring—come blowing across to us; above, the birds chirp and flutter cheerfully; below, the roofs of the old town gleam like gold in the sunlight. Tunbridge Wells! What a charming, old-world sound it has! How fraught with suggestions of

"The tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
And when the patch was worn!"

And it looks even better than it sounds; a queer, little casual, place, all ups and downs and unexpected turnings, with delightful old-fashioned houses starting up in the most unlikely regions.

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Then, of course, there is the Pantiles, that odd little parade, with its shops, its colonnade, its bulging house-fronts, and the chalybeate spring at one end, where you can drink water out of a glass for a penny if you are genteel, or out of a tin mug for nothing if you are vulgar.

A few stray spinsters, a few nursemaids, an occasional "old buck"—who clings, no doubt, to the belief that "the Wells" are the height of fashion—were sunning themselves here this morning, marching up and down in time to an emphatic brass band.

I sat down on a seedy wooden bench, and tried to picture the gay folk who once thronged the old pavement, flirting, fluttering, drinking the waters; curtsying, bowing, rustling their silks and clinking their swords; talking their smart eighteenth-century talk, and paying their prodigious eighteenth-century compliments; being bored, and sick and sorry very often, I make no doubt.

Fanny Burney was here—don't you remember?—with Mrs. Thrale, who bought an inkstand at a "toyshop" for the wonderful little girl who came to breakfast with them. I think the lively and observant Burney (I never *can* bring myself to like her) must have been in her element in such a centre of gossip and scandal as "the Wells" were in those days. Only think of it!—all fashionable society concentrated in one or two small towns, Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham! What a paradise for the paragraph-mongers, who in these degenerate days must survey mankind from China to Peru when the holiday season sets in, if they mean to furnish the usual fare of spicy personalities.

I expect the glimpse of Bath life one gets in "The Rivals" gives us some notion of existence at the other fashionable watering places of the day. Other times, other manners! I for one cannot help thinking that there is a great deal to be said for our own nineteenth century, in spite of the picturesque rivalry of good old times.

But I am prosing on dreadfully, vainly trying to express what Thackeray has said so charmingly in his little Roundabout Paper, "Tunbridge Toys." Do read it at once if you do not know it. And talking of Thackeray reminds me that the people in "The Virginians," the Warringtons, and Hetty and her sister, must be reckoned among the distinguished visitors to Tunbridge Wells. They seem quite as real, to me at least, as Johnson and Burke and Goldsmith, as all the fine and clever people who dwell, no less than they, in the land of shadows. Poor Hetty! I think her little, silent, undramatic story, without beginning or middle or end to speak of, contains a higher tragedy, touches more deeply the roots of human pathos, than a hundred tales of weeping heroines, betrayed by their lovers or tortured by the pangs of an overwrought self-consciousness.

I seem to see your face, dear Psyche, as you read. I see its growing weariness, scorn, disgust. You ask for the bread of news,

and I give you the stone of maundering reflections! I plead guilty, but I put in a plea for extenuating circumstances. What incidents, not of a startling nature, but worthy of the barest record, are likely to befall two sober British spinsters of sedentary habits and respectable character. With us—this confession is terrible but true—the absorbing question is that of our bodies, what we shall eat and drink! You don't know how tiresome it is catering for two people who are at the same time frugal and hungry. We both of us can remember irregular verbs in at least four languages, and Ortrud has whole scenes from Wagner's operas by heart, but somehow we always forget that potatoes are the accepted adjunct for meat, and that, although man does not live by bread alone, it is as well to order some from the baker. As for the beef and mutton question it is too terrible, too complicated, too hopeless! We seemed at first to see a vision of perpetual chops looming before us. Then Ortrud plucked up heart, and taking matters in her own hands, ordered a sturdy round of beef, whose presence, although it gives splendour to our board, is beginning to grow monotonous.

"And still their house affairs would draw them thence!"

Poor Desdemonas, there is not the least vestige of an Othello in this spinster-ridden place!

By-the-by, I think Othello would feel a little bored if he found himself here; it is the place for churches, for bath chairs, for photographs of the Royal family; but it is not by any means the place for moving accidents by flood and field.

But such as it is, it does very well for us. We take long walks in the beautiful, spring country; we potter about among the provision shops, we sun ourselves on the Pantiles when the band is playing; we have even (tell it not in Gath nor in Camford!) borrowed a novel of Miss Broughton's from the circulating library, which Ortrud is eagerly devouring, and out of which she regales me with choice extracts, as I studiously pore over Goethe's "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*" or the leading article of the *Pall Mall Gazette*! Our sitting-room has two windows, two easy chairs, and a sofa. Everything is clean and pleasant, not at all suggestive of the normal British "lodgings."

We pay two guineas a week, which seems very dear, does it not, after those wonderfully cheap hotels in the Vosges and the Black Forest; but cheap and nasty always go together in this expensive country of ours. I must leave off and write to Adeline, who, no doubt, is anxious for news of her old haunt. She is in Japan now, which seems a long way to go, even for a husband.

Ortrud joins with me in love, and hopes that you and Blanche are having a pleasant "vac."

Yours,

MELISSA.

LI. 2

EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

TWENTY years and more have passed since Eugène Delacroix breathed his last, and only to-day has it occurred to his countrymen to erect in their midst a statue to his memory. To promote this end a committee of artists and literary men was formed in Paris last year—a committee that numbers not only the best names of France, but has also enrolled on it some illustrious foreigners, such as our Sir Frederick Leighton, ever foremost to honour art whensoever and wheresoever he meets it. They proposed to raise funds for their object by organizing an exhibition of the great artist's works, an exhibition that should be as complete as it is possible to make of the art of a painter who is so largely decorative, and whose master-pieces adorn church walls and palace ceilings. It was well, too, to recall public attention once more to an artist who—so quickly does the whirligig of fashion revolve—is now counted among the ancients of the ruling artistic school in France. Certainly Delacroix is an ancient in this sense, that he may be counted as the last of that great family of artists whose aim was monumental and decorative art as against that of the dining-room and boudoir. Whether the matter is one for regret or not it is not our province here to investigate. We have to do with facts, and facts are that our modern requirements look to art to brighten and embellish our homes, every home, even the cottage of the artisan, rather than to adorn the palaces of the rich, the vast empty churches of the monastery, and the reception halls of royalty. Hence the power to produce art suited to these special ends seems dying out among us for want of demand, and when produced resembles rather the smaller art enlarged to meet the requirements of space than an art whose conception has been on the grand scale at once. Every art, like every literature, has its *raison d'être*. As Emerson very rightly remarked: "Every age must write its own books. The books of an older period will not fit this." And the same applies to art. It is as foolish and narrow-spirited to find fault with the manifestations of our age at the expense of the preceding one as to overlook the merits of that preceding one in our eager rush after novelty. To neutralize both these undesirable tendencies, retrospective art exhibitions are of great value, and it is with pleasure that we see that the Eugène Delacroix Exhibition just opened in Paris draws large crowds, and

has led to a more just and generous appreciation of an artist who, had he lived to the ripe years of his friend and contemporary, Victor Hugo, would have stood by the side of the literary giant as the last representative of the romantic movement in art. Like Victor Hugo, Delacroix was a representative man who gave form to all that was seething in the minds of the young France of his time. Of the wild ardours, the enthusiasms that marked the early thirties of the century in France, we of a younger and more cynical generation have little or no idea. It would almost seem as though the date 1830 were as important a one in her mental development as the date 1789 in her political history. Then Victor Hugo and Georges Sand were in their glory, bearing what they deemed, indeed what was, the standard of revolt against the old cut-and-dried rules of French classicism. In a playful letter of about this date Delacroix says to Hugo, "*En avant* the revolution. You let Lear tear his grey locks in public, Othello brandish his poignard, Hamlet rear his melancholy head; all is now confusion, and the passions are let loose." For inspiration he had, like most of his compatriots, to turn to foreign sources, and it is noteworthy and characteristic that his first exhibited work was inspired by the "*Divina Commedia*," that revolutionary poem of its epoch. He represented the moment when Virgil meets Dante, when the elder bard constitutes himself the guide of the younger through the realms of hell. It was followed by the Massacre of Scio, a work in which Delacroix's powers of depicting physical horror had full play. Byron next engaged his attention and inspired his brush, then Goethe, then our own Shakespeare. From Walter Scott, too, he drew some suggestions. Indeed, it is peculiar to him that he was more susceptible to literary inspiration than is common with artists. He belonged to that chosen race to whom the humble realities of life do not suffice, and who only breathe freely in an atmosphere charged with enthusiasm. Delacroix was no "naturalist" in the modern interpretation of that word; rather was he a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. Even in landscape art he deprecated that which the schools, and above all the French schools, now so insistently preach, viz., a close study of nature. He rather counselled that nature should be studied, but with the eyes, not with the brush, and that the result should be committed to memory. Too exact a reproduction, to his mind, injured the artistic whole. For the same reason he worked without models, taking from positive forms and real expressions only those most sympathetic to his temperament or preconceived idea. Hence all his pictures are peculiarly and rarely individual manifestations and expressions of the artist's own character, coloured with his own passions, lighted by his own soul. Man was for him passion in movement, and passion and movement are the keynotes of all his canvases, grandiose, terrible, splendid as they are in colouring

and imagination. Incorrect in drawing he is often; elegant or pathetic, never. Yet there is a savage sort of power about this master to which we must needs succumb as we traverse the well-filled galleries of his works that now adorn the school of the Parisian *Beaux-Arts*.

Nothing is more tedious than a simple catalogue. Do we not know it from Homer's famous canto of the *Iliad*, in which he enumerates the ships? Still, we must just name a few of the famous Delacroixs now on view, if only to prove how complete is the collection which veneration and energy combined have brought together. Here then are the cartoons for the Louvre ceilings, the *Two Foscari*, the magnificent *Sardanapalus*—bequeathed by the artist to his executor, the *Enraged Medea*, *Tasso in Prison*, *Hamlet and the Grave Diggers*, *Charles V. in his Monastic Retreat*, the *Convulsionnaires of Tangiers*—religious enthusiasts even more extreme than dervishes in their behaviour,—the *Bride of Abydos*, *Ivanhoe and Rebecca*, the *Entry of the Crusaders into Jerusalem*—one of Delacroix's most passionate historical conceptions. This is to name but a few of the pictures that owe their inspiration to literature, for here, too, are the others that were inspired by the Gospel narrative, in which the old motives are treated in a modern form, much after the manner of the revolutionary Rembrandt, who introduced humanity into the rendering of the divine. Here, too, are the splendid pictures and sketches inspired by Delacroix's journey to Morocco, undertaken in 1832, which definitely gave to his palette that variety of colour and rich luminousness that distinguishes his work. Africa, he claims, was his true and only instructor, and Theophile Gautier scarcely speaks in exaggerated terms when he says that it was Delacroix who discovered it. Artistically, he was its first explorer, and from him the French school learnt that faculty of painting objects in full and fearless daylight which distinguishes modern art from that of the century preceding, when dimness and dirtiness of colour, misnamed *chiaroscuro*, was deemed the right and classical thing, because the old masters, in their begrimed old age, presented this dingy aspect.

As a painter of animals, too, Delacroix was inimitable, and several of his vigorous animal studies are represented at the *Beaux-Arts*. It is characteristic that the savage beasts, like lions and tigers, attract him more than the gentler animals. There is a tiger's head by him, a mere sketch (it usually hangs at the Luxembourg), of which it has been well said that while a mere suggestion in form and colour, it yet exhibits this pitiless, blood-dreaming animal in its most sinister aspect.

That the peculiar nature of Delacroix's art would prevent him from being great as a portrait painter is obvious. Still, he tried his hand occasionally in this line, and at times with a certain success. Thus his portrait of Georges Sand is cited as in some

respects the most satisfactory of the great novelist. The fact was that Delacroix knew her very intimately, and he could thus paint in her face the soul that had been revealed to him. So also his brush was suited to delineate the quaint features of that passionate violin virtuoso, Paganini. Both these portraits are now on view.

Of Delacroix, too, we have twenty portraits taken at various periods of his life. It was a happy thought on the part of the committee to add this feature of attraction to the show. The portraits are from various hands and in various methods; some even photographs. Among them is an autograph portrait of the artist in the costume of Ravenswood. Those who knew him pronounce that to be the best which represents him in his simple studio, the studio that was his battle-field, and to which he had himself come when, away from Paris (1863), he felt that the hour had come to render up his ardent, restless spirit unto its Maker. His face, as it appeared in death, is also presented to us by a finely-modelled death mask. It is the face of one who lived only for and in his ideals, whom good birth had saved from money struggles, whose entire devotion to his art had kept him aloof from the gentler human ties of husband and father.

A collection of autograph letters from the painter helps yet further to make this exhibition of him characteristic in every respect. They show us his writing from the age of fifteen until his death. Delacroix's letters, as we all know, were famous, and have very properly been published. Unlike most painters, he could express himself also with his pen, and his style was precise as well as vivacious. In his criticisms he ever hit the right nail on the head, and his descriptions are often felicitous. The earliest letter here on view is dated 1814, and written to a school friend during a vacation which the writer spent in Normandy. He describes a visit he has just paid to the house of Corneille, and the phraseology already manifests all his later "romantic" sentiments. Another early letter is addressed to Victor Hugo, and treats of a drama on the theme of Amy Robsart, which, it appears, Delacroix once wrote. A longish MS. deals with the young artist's views of English painting. This should be translated and published here as a literary curiosity. Dated 1851 is a letter stating that he is not the author of a certain work that has been sold as his, proving how early in his career it was deemed worth while to forge his signature and copy his manner. In 1855 he thanks Theophile Silvestre for the biography he has written of him. "You have treated me," he says, "as I should wish that posterity, for whom I profess great respect, should treat me." Whether this wish will be fulfilled in its entirety we should doubt. Silvestre's attitude is perhaps too laudatory and exaggerated for our critical age. Still, deducting this, his picture of the artist is a good and adequate one. Speaking of his

election to the Academy, Delacroix writes to a friend: "But after all, the dress I am about to assume does not change the man, I trust. Instinct has always been my science, and the science of others has never served but to lead me astray." In one letter we learn something concerning the prices he got for his work, prices miserably low according to our modern standard. Thus for the Good Samaritan he received 300 francs, for the Giaour 400, and for the Resurrection 800. Later on, at sales, these fetched as many pounds, and even more, much more. But money took no place in Delacroix's life or in his art. He was in this also perhaps the last of a noble race who pursued art for her own sake only, looking neither before nor after, content if they had but approximately neared the great ideals they had set before themselves.

THE LOVE-TIME OF THE YEAR.

SHE is here, Earth's sweetest daughter,
 Tripping lightly o'er the lea,
 Merry mischief lights her glad eye
 As she sets the breezes free;
 Playing "touch" they scan the coverts,
 Through the tangled brieries peep,
 Wooing primroses from slumber,
 Kissing violets from sleep.

In the meads among the daisies
 Lambkins sun themselves all day,
 For old Winter's heart has broken,
 His last breath has passed away.
 In the beck's young fish are leaping,
 Glad, so glad, that Spring is here,
 And the ring-dove coos her welcome
 To the love-time of the year.

As the beauteous maid advances
 Buds and blossoms ope their hearts;
 In the opera of nature
 Birds rehearse their choicest parts;
 Even Philomel the sad one
 Pours her love plaint to the night,
 As Selene wooed Endymion
 While he slept on Latmus height.

Red wild roses tint the hedgerows,
 Suckle wreaths rich sweets exhale,
 Nature smiles upon fair Spring time
 As she tells "Hope's flattering tale";
 See! the golden gorse is blooming,
 Love, the God of Youth is here;
 'Tis the fashion to be kissing
 In the love-time of the year.

AN ODD STORY OF THE JUSTICE ROOM.

CHAPTER I.

NO doubt there were some in the time of the Queen of Sheba who carped at the wisdom of Solomon: and so there were people in the city in the days that immediately followed the American war who had something to say against the firm of Parkman, Bubb and Parkman, of 17, Change Alley. They could not deny that it was an old established concern, for Parkmans' had been trading between London and Calcutta in almost the early days of John Company Bahadur. And they could not say that it was not prosperous, for its name stood high in its own branch of business; and it had never been known to go in for rash speculations or risky profits. But what people did say, and there were old fogies on 'Change never tired of repeating it, was, that there was too much young blood in Parkmans'. "Go into Parkmans'," these would say, "and you'll have a young man to deal with, unless you have the luck to do with old Parkman!" treatment which they seemed to think most offensive. And of course when old Parkman died rather suddenly, these carpers were still more triumphant. There was no saving clause now, when they stated the treatment you might expect at Parkmans'. For the second partner was only a sleeping partner—sleeping, it was currently reported, on a fine estate in Ross-shire—and young Parkman—well, he was young Parkman. Then Critchlow, the cashier, was young for a cashier, being under forty; and Crisp, the head clerk, was very young, being something over thirty. And altogether Parkmans' might expect, for some time to come, to hear a good deal about its young blood.

It was two o'clock on a Saturday some three weeks after old Mr. Parkman's death. In the large office the clerks were putting away their books, and getting down their hats. There was a murmur of talk about the river, or Wimbledon, or whatever amusement they severally had in view for the afternoon, when a tall man, dressed in dark mourning, and wearing his hat, entered from an inner room. The noise sank to a respectful hum. He was a handsome man, with a short, fair moustache, and light blue eyes. He nodded pleasantly to one or two of the clerks, and walked through to where a glass case in a corner indicated the sanctum of the head clerk. Crisp, a small, slender, dark complexioned man, looked up peevishly as the chief entered, but seeing who it was would have got down from his stool.

"Sit still," the merchant said, laying his hand lightly on the other's shoulder to stay him. "I am only waiting for the carriage. It is more pleasant here than in the outer office. You are not going about your usual business to-day, I think, Crisp, eh?"

The clerk's face flushed.

"No, Mr. James," he said, "I am not."

"What, haven't you made it up with her yet?"

The younger man shook his head, and then broke out suddenly, with:

"And what is more, sir, my temper has been so bad ever since Critchlow found out this deficiency, that I should be afraid of making matters worse. I don't wonder she could not stand it; it is no good my trying to make it up with her till I have cleared that up. Then I shall be myself again, and can look her in the face. As I told you, sir, I shall come back at four, and go through the books quietly by myself. I shall never forget your kindness, sir, never! But that Critchlow is so trying!—there's not a clerk in the office does not know now that there is something the matter with my accounts."

Crisp spoke with deep feeling, and it was evident that the other believed him.

"Don't think too much of it!" he said, kindly. "If it cannot be explained, I shall still trust you. It is but a small amount. Try to hit upon the blot."

"Try!" cried the head clerk; "I've tried again and again."

He passed his hands through his hair until it stood on end, and with his bright, black eyes gave him a very wild look.

"Well, do your best," the merchant answered, drawing on his gloves. "You know my poor father had every confidence in you—as he had in your father—and I have the same, Crisp."

And then he went, the young man looking after him with grateful, almost worshipping, eyes. There were few men in his position and at his age so invariably kind and considerate to their inferiors as was James Parkman. Old Parkman had been the same; and father and son enjoyed a rare popularity in the office. It was whispered, but probably there was no truth in the malicious rumour, that they never quarrelled save with one another.

Crisp sat for some minutes pondering, and if his face was any index to his thoughts, upon some unpleasant subject. Then he rose and taking his hat went into the outer office. There were still two or three clerks there, detained by some small matters, and talking to them in a sharp, rasping voice was a stout, black-whiskered, short-faced man.

"Not found it out yet?" he said to Crisp, in a sneering tone. He was Critchlow, the cashier.

"No," retorted the head clerk, "nor likely to while there is so much noise in the office!"

"Well, if I were you, I'd stay and find it out, if I stayed until to-morrow. But it is fine to be you. I've got to stay until four or thereabouts, error or no error."

"I think," said Crisp, wrathfully, seeing the clerks upon the broad grin, "that I should make it hot for you if I stayed long with you anywhere!"

And without waiting to hear the cashier's retort, or the burst of laughter which his own excited answer evoked from the youngsters, he passed out and ran down the stairs and through the quiet alley into the street.

CHAPTER II.

It was half-past four when Crisp, after threading divers of the city ways, in which the crowds were now rapidly lessening, turned again into Change Alley. A look of depression—a haggard careworn look—was upon the young man's face as he crossed it, his head bent down. Suddenly a sweet, glad cry—oh! so out of place there—struck upon his ear, and he stopped and looked round with a start, to meet the next instant two little gloved hands thrust into his, two brown eyes swimming with tears looking into his black ones. "Oh, Ernest!" the girl cried—she was young and pretty, but dressed very plainly in black, and until this moment had worn her veil down—"aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad, my darling?" he cried, all the care gone out of his face; "yes, very glad. You know I am glad."

"And you do love me as much as ever," she pleaded with her eyes fixed so very anxiously on his.

"Yes," he said simply. Nor did she doubt him now, though during the last fortnight of estrangement following that wretched petty quarrel she had fancied all sorts of dreadful things. "More and more every day, dearest. It was all my fault, Ethel. I had been worried and vexed by business, and visited it upon you."

The girl looked up at him with clinging eyes as if it had been a privilege he had granted her. Then she said, but not reproachfully, "I have been here half-an-hour. I expected you before."

"Did you," he answered. "It was so good of you to be here, generous of you, like yourself! But you must come in for a minute with me, Ethel. The house is quite empty. The caretaker I know has leave to be away this afternoon: and Critchlow, our cashier, will have left by now."

"I don't think I ought," she said smiling.

"Nonsense!" he replied gaily. "I must put my books away now, and come back after tea. And see, if you are thinking of the proprieties, there is a policeman watching us with the most unflattering interest."

He opened the door with his key, and she came shyly in. Once

inside, however, and the door shut upon the inquisitive policeman—well, it is no matter to us how Crisp welcomed her. But this satisfactorily performed, they went upstairs, his arm round her waist—a strange sight in that dusty place—their steps echoing in the empty house. At the top of the stairs the door into the large clerks' room was ajar. Crisp pushed it open, and led her in. "And this is where you do your work?" she asked devouring with wide open eyes the long bare room, with its four windows, its row of desks and stools along one side, and the glass box in the far corner.

"No," he answered, laughing, "I am supposed to be a cut above this, darling. Only I am obliged to be very careful not to throw stones." He led her up the room, and unlocking the door of his glass house took her in. How delightful it was to help her up on his high stool, and hold her there—for, of course, being unaccustomed to it she might have become giddy! And see her fit her little boots to the rail of the desk, and unlock the latter and come at once face to face with her own photograph! And then to see her blush, all pleasure at this proof of his fidelity! It was all so delightful that he wondered why, though they had met in Change Alley on Saturday afternoons before, he had never brought her to see his office.

"And where do those doors lead to? Don't, Ernest; please leave my hair alone. How do you know, sir, that there is no one there?"

He stopped at once—whatever he was doing—and a dark shadow fell across his face. "That is Critchlow's room," he said. "And, by Jove, he's left his key in it! There's a nice piece of carelessness!" But there was no elation in his voice. It seemed as if a shadow had fallen on them both, from the moment her eyes were drawn to that door. It was not just in front of them—the door leading to the partner's rooms stood there—but in the corner on the left.

"I'll take the key and convict him at any rate of this," the young man said moodily, and went out of his glass case, and crossed the floor to the door. The girl followed him, a strange sudden feeling of the emptiness of the house upon her. How hollow Ernest's footsteps rang. The sun too had gone behind a cloud, and the room seemed dreary, dusty, and cold too, for she shivered.

Crisp, after trying the cashier's door and finding it locked, slipped the key out and put it into his pocket. Then he locked his own door and pocketed that key also. It was strange perhaps that he took no farewell kiss in the hall, but opened the outer door hastily, and seemed to breathe more freely when they were out of the alley, and in the peopled street.

They took so long a walk, Ethel telling her lover of her latest troubles at Maintree House, a young ladies' seminary where she was

tolerated as teacher of English, and Ernest confiding the dreadful matter of the error in his accounts, that when they parted he gave up all thought of returning to his books.

"But you must not be late another day, sir," were her last words. He thought nothing of them then, but afterwards, when he was alone, they puzzled him. There had been no appointment made for that afternoon, no promise given, no time fixed. So how could he have been late. It was odd. What did she mean by saying he was late?

CHAPTER III.

CRISP's omission to return to the books may have blunted his moral sense; or it may have been mere chance that led him to be nearly a quarter of an hour late on Monday morning. As he hurried up the alley he was surprised by the sight of a group collected about Parkmans' door. Among them were one or two of Parkmans' clerks looking unlike themselves, and one or two policemen unable to look anything but themselves.

"What is up!" he asked lightly; but though they all seemed to be looking at him, no one answered. Instead, a clerk, one of the juniors, said audibly, "That is Mr. Crisp!" and a strange voice answered emphatically, "That is the man!" This seemed to cause a sensation amid which a short stout person with a blunt hearty voice and a humorous eye pushed through the group, and said, "This way, sir, please," in a voice of authority.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked Crisp.

"Tell you in a moment, sir. Please to step with me up to Mr. Parkman's room." And he took Crisp by the arm, in what the latter thought an odd fashion, and so led him up, and swiftly through the clerk's office, which was half full of staring gapers, and into the junior partner's room.

Crisp looked round him in utter bewilderment. On the hearth-rug stood Mr. Parkman, pale and agitated. By the window two gentlemen were talking. At the table, apparently making some notes, sat a police officer.

"Watson," said his conductor, shutting the door firmly behind them, "do you take him!" And fell back into a corner of the room where he seemed to busy himself with an old Joe Miller, so very facetious that it rendered him oblivious to all going on around him.

While Crisp stood looking from one to the other the superintendent rose abruptly and stepped close to him. "Mine is a painful business, sir; you are Mr. Ernest Crisp, I think?"

It darted into Crisp's mind that the chief had put the police in motion in the matter of that little discrepancy in his accounts; but a single glance at Mr. Parkman's pale, sympathizing face sufficed to dispose of that. "Yes," he said, "I am. That is my name."

"You may or may not know then, that a great crime was committed here on Saturday afternoon. The cashier, Mr. Critchlow, has been found dead in his office, stabbed to the heart from behind."

"Mr. Critchlow," the head clerk whispered with white shaking lips.

"And you have been identified as the person last seen to leave the house. I'm sorry to say that I must take you into custody on suspicion; I must warn you too, Mr. Crisp, that anything you say will be given in evidence against you."

"On Saturday afternoon!" Crisp muttered in awed accents, looking around him with eyes that did not see. "But what—why am I suspected?"

"All that you will hear at the Mansion House. I am anxious to take you there at once, and with as little unpleasantness to yourself as possible."

"It is a mere formality, Crisp," Mr. Parkman volunteered, speaking for the first time with earnest kindness. "I will attend myself and say how perfectly ridiculous your conduct for years makes this charge appear."

The colour came back to the clerk's face. "Thank you, sir," he said.

"Perhaps you will let yourself be searched here?" asked the policeman. Crisp nodded acquiescence, and did not flinch when the operation began. But the first articles to appear were two keys. The policeman looked carelessly at the first; but his face lit up wonderfully as he held up the second.

"This is the missing key!" he exclaimed, and a thrill of intelligence seemed to pass round the room.

"That key," said Crisp, still bewildered and grappling with the memory of things which seemed to have happened so long ago, "that is the key of Mr. Critch—," he stopped with trembling lips. He had gone so far unthinking; and then his position in all its bearings flashed across his mind. He remembered all that the presence of that key upon him, all that the words he had uttered, might mean for him. The room began to go round, visions of Ethel and Mr. Critchlow swam before his eyes. Amid an appalling silence, which had greeted his words, he fell to the floor in a dead faint.

Five minutes later the room was cleared of all save its owner and the short stout man. "I cannot believe it now," Mr. Parkman was saying; "and yet the key!—the key! How can he explain that? How can he explain that?"

"You remember, sir, I told you it was a pretty clear case?" answered the detective—for such he was and a well-known one.

"You did, and I did not believe you," the merchant answered with a groan. He was very greatly distressed, and no wonder.

"Well, sir, I'm inclined to think that you were right and I was wrong," the other answered dryly.

"Eh! Less clear now, inspector? But the key?"

"It is the key, and another matter or two that puzzle me," the man answered thoughtfully. "You've read, I dare say, of murderers doing stupid things, sir? There was that nurse who strangled her patient and then could not refrain from laying her out? Yes, quite so. But I never heard of a murderer carrying a proof against himself in his pocket; and that proof a thing he had no motive for keeping and every chance to get rid of!"

It almost seemed as if the merchant in his interest in the puzzle thus presented to him forgot his anxiety on behalf of his poor clerk. "But," he suggested, "it was very likely sheer carelessness. Its discovery you could see was a terrible shock to him."

"Quite true, sir," the detective said.

"And the female who, if the policeman is to be believed, was with him—if you could get a clue to her, she might clear it all up."

"I hope she may," the man answered, coolly, "for I have not only got the clue to her: I shall see her to-day. I don't think there can be any imprudence in showing you this." He took from a large pocket-book which he produced a tiny newspaper cutting. Mr. Parkman looked at it with a face of great amazement. It read thus:

"GL VGSVO NZRMGIVV SLFHV SRTSTZGV NVVG NV WVZIVHG ZG 17
XSZMTV ZOOMB ZG ULFI GLNLHLD YB GSZG GRNV RDRGO SZEY IRW
NEHVOU LU LFI DLHG VMVNB BLFI OLERMT VIMVHG."

"But this is gibberish!" the merchant said, after turning it over.

"No, not gibberish," the detective answered, wondering that such a man should know so little of such a subject, "only cypher, and the easiest that exists. It's merely a transposition of the alphabet, Z is A, Y is B, and so on. But here is my translation. I may add, that the advertisement appeared in the *Standard* of last Friday, sir."

The translation ran as follows:

"To Ethel, Maintree House, Highgate,

"Meet me, dearest, at 17, Change Alley, at four to-morrow. By that time I will have rid myself of our worst enemy,

"Your loving, ERNEST."

"Good heavens!" cried the merchant, pale with excitement. "He is lost! This is almost conclusive evidence. I don't know—good heavens!—I don't know, what can be said to this."

"Umph!" the detective said. "This advertisement is another thing which I had not when I gave you my opinion this morning." He said it meaningly, and paused as if expecting to be questioned. But Mr. Parkman had not marked the drift of his last words, and let them pass unchallenged.

Shortly afterwards, the merchant, pale but collected, had to be present at the Lord Mayor's inquiry at the justice-room of the Mansion House. We need not attend him thither, for only such evidence was taken as would justify a remand; and the reader can guess what that was. The policeman was examined, who had seen Crisp go into the house on the Saturday afternoon, and had likewise seen him leave it a little later, each time in company with a lady. Then the superintendent of police produced the key found upon the prisoner, and proved that it was the key of Mr. Critchlow's office, the door of which was found locked upon the outside. And two of Parkmans' clerks reluctantly described the bad terms upon which the prisoner and deceased were, and the *quasi* threat with which the former had left Critchlow upon the last occasion, when the cashier was—so far as could be proved, seen alive by any one except the murderer. This amply sufficed; and Ernest Crisp, clerk, was formally remanded—bail, being, of course, refused—until the following Thursday, upon the charge of wilful murder. The inquest, opened the same day, was adjourned to await the result of the magisterial inquiry.

CHAPTER IV.

"A CLERGYMAN to see Miss Maunder? I will see him first myself," said Miss Maintree, in her stiffest tone. She was the principal of the Maintree House seminary, the propriety of which was so rigid that no letters were permitted to be received by pupils or governesses, save such as could first be read by that dragon of virtue, the principal.

She was absent from the school-room ten minutes. The girls looked curiously at Ethel, and the latter wondered who it could be. She knew of no clergyman likely to visit her, and was surprised by the gracious permission to go to the drawing-room which Miss Maintree presently vouchsafed her; an indulgence due not so much to the reverend visitor's subtle politeness, as to the fact, casually made known by him, that he had three daughters of an age to be at school.

"You wished to see me?" Ethel said, surprised at confronting a short, portly clergyman, who was a complete stranger to her.

"I do. You look a sensible young lady, and I will tell you right out who I am and what I want. Please don't faint or scream, or all my trouble expended in making things comfortable for you will be thrown away. My name is Peters—I am a detective officer. You know a gentleman called Crisp—I see you do. Are engaged to marry him? Just so. Well, he has been charged—But there, read that please, and pray be as calm as you can." And he put into her hand an early *Globe*, pointing out the report of the proceedings at the Mansion House. "Pray be as calm as you can!"

She went white to the lips as she read, but, save one faint cry when its meaning broke upon her, gave no sign of the demonstrations so much dreaded by the detective.

"Now I'm quite aware, Miss, that you were the lady who was with the accused. If you are implicated"—he did not think after a glance at her face that she was—"you had best say nothing. But if the young man is innocent, you take it very coolly, Miss!"

"And why not?" she cried, indignantly. "Why should I be troubled because a false charge is brought against him. Why——" But then her voice broke, and she cried piteously. "Oh, tell me, sir, how I can help him?"

"First, Miss, by telling me all you did on Saturday." The girl did so and he took note of it. "Quite so," he said, when he had heard all, "but may I ask if you met by appointment?"

She coloured. "I had a message from him on the Friday morning."

"Verbal or written?"

"Neither. I cannot receive letters here, so when Ernest could take me out on Saturday—his and my half holiday—he would put an advertisement in Friday's *Standard*. It was foolish, perhaps, but Ernest had a fancy to put it in cypher, and I, well—" with a bright blush—"I liked it because it took me longer to read the message."

"Just so! You'll forgive me saying that now I know you are telling me the truth. So will you please explain what that ugly little bit means?" He handed to her the slip he had shown to Mr. Parkman, and pointed out the words, "I will have rid myself of our worst enemy."

"Yes. We had a silly quarrel. I told him—oh, how could I?—that his temper was his worst enemy and mine. He meant that as a—I mean he wished to apologize and make it up."

"One more question, young lady. What should you say if I told you that Mr. Crisp denied on his way to the Mansion House, this morning, being the author of that?"

"Say!" she cried, fiercely. "I should say I believed him! But still it surprises me. This message begins and ends as his always did. Yet I remember that I thought it odd that he made no reference to this passage on Saturday. And it was strange that though he was half-an-hour after the appointed time, he did not seem aware of it—or say he was sorry."

Peters sat thinking deeply. "It's a cypher a child could read," he murmured to himself. "And any one reading previous advertisements could have identified the Ernest very likely. Is it possible that some one having learned, no matter how, his habit of corresponding with this girl, has done this to divert suspicion from himself? Unlikely: but still possible. Do you know,

Miss," he continued aloud—"of any one being acquainted with these cypher messages?"

"Not through me," she answered quickly. "But I remember Ernest saying that young Mr. Parkman knew all about me, and had been very kind. But he cannot have anything to do with it."

"No," the detective answered, briskly; "but he may have told some one else. I must go to Richmond to-morrow or as soon as I can, and ask him. We will lose no time," he added cheerily. "Your young gentleman shall be free in a day or two. And I hope that then he will teach you a better cypher, Miss—or get rid of any necessity for using one."

On the tramcar Peters said to himself, "Wanted, some one with two things. Firstly, a motive for murdering Critchlow, and secondly, a knowledge, however gained, of the relations between Crisp and this very nice girl. By gad! That is a new idea! Could it be that Critchlow fancied the girl and tried to decoy her there with this bogus message, and was found out and killed by the jealous lover before the girl came! I must consider that. That is a new idea!"

CHAPTER V.

"ARE you engaged to marry the accused?"

This was not the first question put to the witness but it was the first that promised to afford the spectators, who occupied every inch of floor in the justice-room, the slightest return for the trouble they had taken. The city were talking of nothing but the Critchlow tragedy; and even in Cheapside the excitement was plainly visible. Every one who could win an entrance, and was not engaged elsewhere, was there. It was rumoured that the matter was now as clear as the murder was diabolical: and that the young man would certainly be committed for trial to-day. Among the persons pointed at, and scanned and sketched by the crowd in that close green-painted court with the one window and the sky-light, was Mr. Parkman; and close observers noted that his eyes would now and again turn from wandering over the court to cast a look of anxiety, of expectation, almost of dread, towards the door.

But listen. The witness has answered the question bravely. "I am."

"And he was in the habit of communicating with you by cypher advertisements similar to the one I produce?"

"He was."

"Did he communicate with you by an advertisement appearing in the *Standard* on the Friday before the murder?"

"He did not."

"Were you," said the counsel smiling, "under the impression, last Saturday, that the advertisement emanated from him?"

"I was. But you must let me explain." And with great steadiness she stated her reasons for so thinking, and what she had understood the message to mean, and why she did not now think Ernest the author of it. This caused a great sensation. The strange cypher advertisement was a fact quite new to the general public.

"Do I understand you to think then, Miss Maunder, that the person, whoever he was, who inserted this advertisement was also the murderer?"

"I don't know," she faltered. Then with courage. "Yes, I do think so."

He smiled calmly as he looked round. It was evident he thought nothing of the girl's theory, but believed Crisp to be both author and murderer. Others in court also smiled and shook their heads. Her idea was too complex and far fetched for them. They could not swallow it, in vulgar phrase.

She was taken then through the events of the Saturday afternoon, and examined particularly as to the prisoner's statements about the deceased. Afterwards the solicitor for the defence, well known to be employed by Mr. Parkman, drew from her all that might tell in the prisoner's favour; and then, casting one long, loving look of comfort at her lover, Ethel sat down. She had told the truth; she had perfect trust now in the wisdom of the law.

Two or three unimportant witnesses followed, the medical evidence succeeded these, and then Mr. Parkman was called. As he took off his glove many sympathizing glances were cast at his handsome figure and grave face. What a trouble and annoyance it must have been to him! What a loss to be deprived of his two chief *employés* at once! And then how rich he was said to be; and almost fashionable too, for was he not going to be married to the Hon. Sylvestra Hautban! Even the Lord Mayor could hardly refrain from leaning forward in his great oak chair to look his sympathy.

"The prisoner has been a clerk in the employment of your firm for nearly fourteen years, Mr. Parkham?" That was the first question of any interest.

"He has. He has been a most faithful, steady and upright man in all his dealings with us."

This was gallant testimony, but what could it avail against facts. It only evoked a look of warm gratitude from the prisoner. Mr. Parkman then went on to tell what he knew of the differences between Critchlow and the prisoner, and the unfriendly mention of the cashier, which Crisp had made in their last conversation. But he told this so reluctantly that the examining barrister was struck by his bias in the prisoner's favour, and asked him with a smile. "And do you too think that the same person inserted the advertisement and committed the murder?"

The witness paused; it was clear that he had no doubt that his *protégé* was guilty of the one and the other, for he faltered and passed his hand over his brow. Then he said, "I do."

"And so do I," said the counsel dryly, and was about to sit down with that quip in his mouth when there was a bustle at the door. Some glanced that way impatiently, and some expectantly; what was the expression of Mr. Parkman's face, it was hard to say. It was almost a baffled, hunted look that came into his light blue eyes, and the hand which he raised to stroke his moustache scarcely hid an odd contraction of the mouth. The noise ceased as a burly man pushed his way through the crowd to the table. He seemed to be some one of importance, for the counsel paused in the act of sitting down, and lent a willing ear to his whisper. Then a hurried and seemingly exciting conference went on between these two and the solicitor for the defence and one or two others—so exciting, that expectation was raised to a very high pitch, and at length the Lord Mayor, unable to bear it longer, said, "Have you any more questions for this witness, Mr. Banckworth?"

Thus recalled to himself, Mr. Banckworth rose from his stooping position and seemed to hesitate. Finally he said, with an air of reluctance, "Yes, my lord, I fear I have. Mr. Parkman, did I understand you to give it as your opinion that whoever inserted that advertisement committed this murder?"

A strange pause, then, in an equally strange, hoarse tone, "Yes."

"Is that," holding up a Russia leather blotting case filled with green blotting paper, "the blotting case you use in your library at Richmond?"

It sounded, apart from the sudden production of the case, a harmless question enough. And yet how was it that through all that crowded court every one felt the terrible nature of the silence which followed. Was that ordinary looking case a gorgon's head, that at sight of it the perspiration should spring in great beads to the witness's forehead, and his mouth should writhe in vain attempt to speak. He couldn't. He couldn't. In the end he only nodded.

"Then can you explain," the lawyer asked solemnly, "how it happens that upon a page of this blotting paper there appears in printed characters a reverse impression of the latter part of this advertisement?"

The crisis had come, the worst had happened; and yet even now some cool plausible reason might avail him. Now was the time for ready brain and steady pulse. Now—but now all these were wanting! He glared round him for a moment on the sea of faces, grasped wildly at his throat, and fell to the floor of the box in a fit.

Amid a thrill of such sensation as few in that court had ever experienced they bore him out to an adjoining room. But he

was dead before they could bring a doctor to him. That moment, —and heaven knows what of bitter anticipation—had been his punishment in this world.

Peters it appeared had gone down to see him at Richmond, and while waiting in the library had in the instinctive pursuit of his profession, turned over the leaves of the blotting book. The cypher caught his eye; but the merchant entering at that moment, it was not until he left for town that Peters could get into the house again, confirm his impression, and with his strange piece of evidence follow to London by a later train.

For a few hours after the merchant's death it seemed one of those motiveless murders that upset all calculations. But among his papers was found the key. He had lost great sums by deep play at a West-end club. His father was then ill, his needs were most pressing. He had already far exceeded his right to draw upon the firm; to get more he deposited forged acceptances. At his father's death the cashier discovered this, and though the junior partner was now able to refund the money, Critchlow held the forgeries *in terrorem* over him. Parkman, secretive yet fierce, took his life.

Of him enough. For Ernest Crisp, he married Ethel three weeks later, and there are already three small Crisps in the nursery, with whom this strange story of the Mansion House justice-room will some day be a household word; and be in their mouths, as it is in those of the justice-room officials, "often remembered."

J. STANLEY.

SNOBTON SOCIETY.

Pen-and-Ink Sketches.

DRAWN BY MISS THERESA TOWNMOUSE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER
FRIEND MISS GWENDOLINE COUNTRYMOUSE.

LETTER IV.

From Theresa Townmouse to Gwendoline Countrymouse.

Snobton by the Sea, —shire.

DEAREST GWEN,

You, like most of your nation, are devoted to the Art which either soothes the savage breast, or awakens in it feelings of mingled desperation and despair according to the particular idiosyncrasy of the individual; therefore I need make no excuse for introducing to your notice a few of the leading amateur musicians who charm our ears by their dulcet notes, astonish us by the flexibility of their digits or fill us with wondering admiration at the imperturbable *sang froid* with which they exhibit their incapacity before an audience that may, and probably does, number more than one genuine music-lover. Why is it that music is of all the arts the most cavalierly treated? Why is it that fools rush in where angels fear to tread? Why is it that nothing is sacred from the profaning touch of the incompetent amateur musician? Why is it that he boldly attempts what the most finished artist can scarce accomplish with satisfaction to himself? Why is it that Ignorance rears its head boldly with a front of brass, while Knowledge bows reverently to the might of Genius? These questions I leave for you to answer. I can arrive at no conclusion on the subject myself; it opens up so wide a field for speculation; it leads one on insensibly to philosophize on the folly and self-sufficiency of a large number of one's fellow-creatures; and then as a natural consequence we wonder whether, if the poet's wish were gratified, and we could "see ourselves as others see us," one would not think oneself just as vain and as foolish as one thinks other people are. Of course, even in my most misanthropic mood I do not think all the world is given over to the deification of Self, but, dear Gwen, is it not a fact that selfishness is at the root of many of the faults and failings that make people both contemptible and ridiculous?

For instance, selfishness is at the root of that love of display which prompts the amateur musician to exhibit his talents in

public; selfishness makes him perfectly indifferent to the sufferings of his audience. You see I have not wandered so far from my theme; on the contrary it has been held steadily in view ever since I took up my pen to write you a description of our songstresses, our *pianistes*, in short—to spare you a categorical enumeration—of our Snobton amateur musicians, male and female.

Now far be it from me to disparage the single-minded student of the art divine who loves music for music's sake, without *arrière pensée* of any sort; who thinks not of himself but of the inspired composer whose works he strives to render as he—the composer *not* the executant—meant it should be rendered. Do not run away with the idea that amateur music is generally speaking so inferior simply because it is amateur. I think nothing of the sort. But it seems to me that, like most things, music ought to be gone in for—to use a colloquialism—thoroughly or left alone. I do, however, confess that the ordinary drawing-room music of the ordinary drawing-room young lady does not inspire me with enthusiasm, and that I think it just possible that the weary hours she has spent in ear-torturing scale-exercise might have been spent more profitably to herself.

Think of the amount of mere manual toil that has been done during those hours by fingers that might find more congenial and certainly more useful employment, say even in manufacturing those pretty gowns which unhappy fathers and husbands can, in many cases, so ill afford to pay for. A girl might possess enough skill and artistic taste to arrange her draperies gracefully or to make “a love of a bonnet” really well, although her musical talents might be of the meanest order. Why, then, in the name of common-sense, should she be compelled to spend two or three hours of the day in strumming the much-enduring piano, and driving the rest of the household mad by a species of mental torture—for such it is to nervous folk—which renders them incapable of doing *their* work, and fills them with a wild wish that music had never been invented, and a deep conviction that Orpheus ought rightly to have been named Attila? So much does two or three hours of that horrible gymnastic performance known as “running the scales” unhinge the thinking machinery, that it is possible that the unhappy listener may have a dim sort of idea that Eurydice's husband and the terrible “scourge of God” were one and the same person, all chronological sequence being lost in the hurly-burly of agonising sound. Mental chaos has come again; music has untuned, not the skies, but the whole nervous system of the tortured one.

I see you smile as you read these lines, but the fact is I speak *avec connaissance*. I have suffered also, and I *know*.

In the next house there is, at the present moment, a feminine “scourge,” a feminine Attila, Orpheus, fiend, I know not which. She is shrieking the shriekiest of shrieky “high notes” in the

shriekiest of shrieky sopranos, and your friend is on the verge of distraction, so forgive me if I speak, or rather write, bitterly. While those ear-splitting screams assault mine ears I feel that double-distilled gall would be a more suitable ink than that which now flows from my pen and enables me to convey my thoughts to you.

Why, oh why, is not that too-aspiring damsel of the *C in alt*. employed in making herself beautiful gowns? Why is she not inditing a letter to her particular bosom friend as I am? Why, oh why, will she not desist from inflicting a torture compared with which the thumb-screw would be mild?

I can bear it no longer. I will rush out and put half a mile at least between myself and that dreadful woman. Then I suddenly remember that it is ten o'clock at night, that it is raining hard, and that I am an unprotected female.

What is to become of me! If I go to bed those sounds of horror will keep sleep from my eyes for many an hour; besides, I really want to write and tell you about a musical "at home" at which I was present the other night.

A happy thought strikes me. *I will fill my ears with cotton wool* and so dull the keenest edge of this agony.

It is done. The unknown songstress may do her worst now. Her "high notes" fall on my auditory nerves with less force. She still yells, *that* I still know, but her yells reach me through the friendly thickness of cotton wool. Life is again bearable, and I think I may venture to resume my pen and my subject.

A Snobton *soirée musicale*, my dear Gwen, may be allowed to carry off the palm for supremacy of dulness. Imagine fifty or sixty people—women, of course, predominating largely—for few men can be brought to endure smilingly two or three, or perhaps even four hours of insufferable boredom. The majority of the men who put in an appearance at these festive gatherings are "musical" themselves, and during the course of the evening hope to shine as bright particular stars, second only in lustre to the great luminaries whose names are familiar in our ears as household words.

Snobton can boast its local Sims Reeves, its Maas, its Santley, as the case may be. The other night we were honoured by the presence of *the* Tenor of Snobton, and treated to a rendering of "Come into the garden, Maud."

For my part I could not help thinking that if Maud accepted that very spiritless invitation she would be a remarkably foolish young woman.

Orpheus Blupyl is a doctor, but I purposely omitted to mention him in my last letter because, though he may be classed as a successful medical practitioner, he has attained an even wider celebrity as an amateur tenor, and as a discriminating critic of music in general and of musicians in particular. Orpheus Blupyl is a tall, big man, with a very small, very thin, very mild voice—

a voice that should have belonged to an undersized, pale-faced, slender young curate with a partiality for weak tea, thin bread and butter and mild flirtation. Coming from the portly form of the worthy doctor, the dulcet tenor tones have an almost ludicrous incongruity, particularly as he is much addicted to lachrymose songs of an amatory character.

Stout, healthy-looking, middle-aged men should not indulge in sentimental ditties about sighs and tears, should not apostrophise the ladies who have a legal right to their affection in moving terms as their "queens."

If you could see Mrs. Blupyl you would say that a glance at her thin, ill-tempered visage would be an antidote to the tender passion. Forgive me, dear, if my metaphors are medical. I explained to you how Snobton Society is permeated through and through with the Æsculapean element, consequently one's mode of expression becomes tinctured with the prevailing fashion of "talking shop," so largely indulged in by these good people.

Mrs. Blupyl is Orpheus Blupyl's second wife. If you will allow the expression, she is of the old-maid-married type of woman. Nature intended her for the vocation in life known across Channel as "dressing St. Catherine's tresses," but Fate, in the shape of Orpheus Blupyl—a disconsolate widower with two children—stepped in and decreed otherwise. The aforesaid children—a girl, now about two or three and twenty, and a bony youth of eighteen or so—have on the whole reasons to be thankful that their father chose Cassandra Pruneprism for his helpmeet, for she performs the extremely difficult rôle of step-mother conscientiously, if unlovingly, and matters might so easily have been worse.

Mrs. Blupyl is not a person to be cordially liked—the milk of human kindness in her is so strongly dashed with vinegar, but she is an honest, well-meaning woman of good principle, if of narrow mind. Hermione, sole daughter of Orpheus Blupyl's house and heart, is musical, like her father, but maidenly shyness prevents her exhibiting her talents at the festive gatherings to which I have already alluded, and for this forbearance I hasten to record my heart-felt thanks. There is one "executioner" the less in Snobton.

Hermione is a short, stout girl, somewhat heavy of feature and ungraceful of figure; unfortunately, Nature has given her a pale, unhealthy-looking complexion, something like unbaked dough in tint—and her taste in dress is execrable. The other evening she was apparelled in pure white satin, ill-fitting *à faire peur*—a costume that made her look like a caricature of a bride. Her hair, worn plainly parted, was strained ruthlessly back from her forehead, thus exhibiting her poverty of intellectual organs to great advantage. She is much hampered by a certain *mauvaise honte* which makes her appear more stupid than she really is.

Her conversation, if such it can be called, is usually of the severely monosyllabic order.

I was seated near her at the musical "at home" which I promised to describe—a promise which I fully intend to redeem before I sleep to-night—and I could not help over-hearing the following duologue between the fair Hermione and Mark Anthony Goodchild, an eligible young man of musical proclivities. They had just been introduced, and Hermione was in a nervous flutter at the presence of one of the "nobler sex."

He.—"I hear you are very musical, Miss Blupyl—quite an enthusiast."

She.—"Ye—es," uttered in a spasmodic gasp, denoting that the demon Shyness was already at her elbow.

He.—"Are you going to play to-night? I have heard so much of your performances."

She.—"N—no. I never play in public."

He.—"But surely you don't call this in public," with a senile smile.

She.—"Oh—h," with a feeble giggle. "I only play at home—to papa."

Mark Anthony smothered a yawn and glanced round at the fifty or sixty other occupants of the room. Poor man, he was bored, but so was every one. All were more or less afflicted by the melancholy and mental weariness that seems synonymous with Snobton *soirées musicales*. Vacant smiles were on the faces of the women, and unmistakable yawns were hidden behind friendly fans. Men, less mindful of appearances, looked bored and did not try to hide it.

At the piano a muscular young lady, of mature age, was hammering out a set of "variations"—more remarkable for ingenuity than for beauty—on a well-worn operatic air, with a look of set determination on her hard features. She had been asked to play and she meant to be heard. People should not talk through *her* music if she could help it; if they did not like to listen to her, well and good, but they should not listen to anything else.

After a few minutes' patient attention to the *pianiste's* pugilistic performance, Mark Anthony Goodchild ventured to resume the conversation, in an undertone of so confidential a sort, that a faint blush suffused Hermione's saffron cheeks, and she began to fan herself nervously.

He.—"Do you admire Miss Thumper's playing?"

She.—"N—no." (Miss Blupyl's monosyllables are always drawn out to a preternatural length.)

He.—"Too much display, you think?"

She.—"Ye—es!"

He.—"Not enough expression for your taste?"

She.—"N—no."

At that moment Miss Thumper's performance came to a climax

amid a parting salvo of *fortissimo* chords, and the conventional murmurs of "Thank you." "So charming!" "Lovely thing, to be sure," rose on the air. I too breathed forth a fervent "Thanks"—and I did feel deeply grateful to Miss Thumper—for leaving off.

The respite, however, was a short one. Miss Thumper had hardly subsided into a chair, with a beaming smile on her hard face, when two ladies were led to the pianoforte. I recognized them at once and my heart sank into my shoes. They were the rival *prime donne* of Snobton and I felt that a trial of strength was imminent; that they were about to sing a duet in which each would be certain to try to scream down the other. My worst fears were soon realized. The prelude of *Deh! con te* was commenced, and I resigned myself to the inevitable.

How shall I describe what followed? I shudder as I think of it. Bellini's lovely music was "executed" in the worst meaning of the word: it was literally butchered in cold blood. I honestly believe that neither of the two women understood a word of Italian. Norma's passionate adjurations and Adalgisa's pathetic entreaties were given with the simpering affectation which would have been silly in a mere ballad but was simply ridiculous in a tragic *scena*. Can you imagine a more absurd *fiasco*? Neither of the ladies was richly dowered in the matter of voice, neither had the smallest idea how such music should be sung, neither thought or cared about Norma or Norma's woes; but each was determined to sing her loudest in the *finale* movement, and if possible to outdo her companion. High notes were sung flat, florid passages were shamefully scamped, time was set at defiance. Everything was ill-done; the pronunciation of the liquid Italian vowels would alone have driven a native of the Land of Song mad.

But it is a long lane that has no turning. At last the end was reached. Flushed and breathless with the severity of their exertions the two ladies returned to their seats with a glow of self-satisfaction on their faces. Each thought herself the victress in that trial of strength; each was fully satisfied that she had carried off the palm and won the proud position of the Snobton *prima donna assoluta*.

So far as I could see there was not a pin to choose between them; both screamed, both sang out of tune, both had high-notes like the shriek of a railway-whistle, both—Enough, enough! I will not dwell longer on so unpleasant a theme. The memory of that terrible duet must be steeped in the friendly waters of Lethe. To paraphrase a line in a popular ballad:

"'Tis cruel to remember, 'twere wiser to forget."

The next performer was a young curate with a fine, but utterly uncultivated voice. He shouted out with tremendous vigour "The King's Highway." It was not an enjoyable performance; but it did not rouse one to bitter ire like the last. Then the singer

seemed to enjoy his own singing so thoroughly, to enter with such gusto into the spirit of the thing, that one readily forgave him the few sins of omission and commission of which he was occasionally guilty. When the song was concluded he beamed around benevolently as if to express his gratitude to the audience for listening to him, and their not very cordial thanks appeared to give him the liveliest pleasure. Poor little man, he was quite unconscious of the ill-concealed smiles on the faces of many. It was evident that the earnestness which pleased me had sunk him in the estimation of every one else in the room. The Snobtonians hate anything like earnestness or enthusiasm in music; in fact the last-named quality is hardly thought respectable, and if a man or a woman were to get up and sing a song "like a professional" as the phrase goes, hands and eyes would be raised in horror, shoulders would be shrugged contemptuously, and the unlucky singer would certainly be set down as "Decidedly odd, you know, and hardly a proper person to be asked to one's house."

This being the case the young curate's song was by no means an unqualified success, and when another gentleman succeeded him at the instrument, something very like a sigh of relief was audible through the room.

Theophrastus Tabbicatt is not a man calculated to shock the susceptibilities of a drawing-room audience. He has a thin and wiry voice, which struggles painfully from between his closely-shut teeth. He sang "Tom Bowling." Do you fully realize all that phrase conveys? Oh, my dear girl, I have heard the prince of tenors sing that song and I have heard Theophrastus Tabbicatt sing it! Look on that picture and on this. Dream of that song and of this, and pity me!

He sang it. Yes, he sang it through to the bitter, bitter end, and I am still here. I have survived my sufferings; does it not say much for my recuperative powers? But the memory of that song haunts me still. I wake up in the night watches and think of it. When I sleep it visits me as a horrible nightmare. I dream of it by the "sad sea waves" as I take my matutinal airing on the esplanade. Even as I write it sweeps over me like a flood of bitter waters. I must lay my pen aside, for if I continue I cannot be answerable for what may slip into my letter, so I will bid you a "fair good-night" and wish you "sweet repose" under the shelter of the paternal roof, where you are safe from the high-notes of amateur sopranos, and free from the "wicked troubling" of would-be Sims Reeveses who murder both sleep and song.

Your always attached,

THERESA TOWNMOUSE.

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

An Anecdotic Medley.

By "THORMANBY," AUTHOR OF "RACING MEN," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

INSTINCT, POWER OF MEMORY AND DOCILITY OF THE HORSE.

OF the cleverness of the horse, how he remembers benefits and injuries, and how he oftentimes learns to anticipate his rider's will, many tales are told. "Perhaps no animal in man's employment more thoroughly understands what he is about than the 'stock horse' of New South Wales. From the earliest period of his breaking he is taught to wheel instantly when at full speed on any ground; and from the innate sagacity which horses have in discerning their rider's object, one that has been 'after stock' for a year or two reaches such perfection in this point as almost to justify the ordinary recommendation of an Australian horse-dealer, that 'he can turn upon a cabbage-leaf.' The best exemplification of this faculty is the process of driving, or as it is called, 'cutting out' a single bullock, to which he will not submit without a sharp tussle, from the instinctive dislike to separation which all the bush cattle exhibit. At first starting he trusts wholly to his speed, but, finding after a trial of two or three hundred yards, that his retreat to the herd is still intercepted, he doubles round in the rear of his pursuer, who, were he to continue his onward career, would thereby lose a great deal of ground; but such is the agility of the stock horse that he simultaneously wheels round, and still keeps on the inside without losing an inch. This kind of thing is repeated again and again, till the baffled bullock is fain to take any course his tormentor may direct."*

In submission to a master the horse is affected by kind treatment almost as much as the dog and elephant; for although habitually his actions show timidity, they are more an effect of good temper than fear, for where severity is unreasonably exercised, obedience, which is readily granted to kind treatment, becomes doubtful, and sooner or later breaks out in vicious resentment and opposition. A horse knows its own strength, and oppression has its limits. "In emulation to surpass a rival no more convincing instance can be cited than in the case of a

* Haygarth's "Bush Life."

race-horse finding his competitor beginning to head him in the course, seizing him by the fore-leg with such firm teeth, that both jockeys were obliged to dismount to part them. This was a horse of Mr. Quin's in 1753. Forester, another racer, caught his antagonist by the jaw to hold him back. Surely such animals should not be gored with the spur or cut with the whip to do their utmost.*

But the sagacious animal expects that his master or rider shall be fully competent to perform his share of the business. A horse soon learns to despise a timid rider.

"The confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late General Sir Robert R. Gillespie, who being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindu festivals, when several hundred thousand people may be assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd, and informed that a tiger had escaped from his keeper. Sir Robert immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear which was in the hands of one of the crowd, rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger probably was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched with the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small grey, afterwards sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent. When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who contributed their prize-money to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march; and at the station of Cawnpore was indulged with taking his ancient station at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of trumpet had departed, he refused to eat; and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died."*

* "The Naturalist's Library—Horses," by Lieutenant-Colonel Chas. Hamilton Smith.

The pressure of the rider's limbs, the feel of the hand on the bridle, may even serve a horse instead of the sense of sight. Blind horses are by no means uncommon, and some of them do daily work without being much inconvenienced by the want of sight, if the rider or driver is patient and steady.

"I remember many years back my old acquaintance and infallible doctor, Mr. Minster, of Cheltenham, having a very fine old grey hunter, stone blind; and when visiting his patients he would often cross the country by the footpaths, leaping the stone stiles with ease and safety. Being one day with a dashing young farmer who was boasting of the feats *his* horse could perform, the doctor took the shine out of him on the instant by proposing a wager that *he* had a horse in his stable which could take a leap the farmer's horse could not.

"Where shall we go to decide the bet?" said the farmer who of course had said "done."

"Only into the street," replied the other.

"Consequently the doctor was mounted on the blind horse in a trice, when giving him the office by the bit (and, as Horace says, *there lies the horse's ear*), he made him believe a stone stile was before him, and he took a spring that would have cleared the highest in the parish, to the no small discomfiture of the farmer."*

And when well treated the horse is capable of great affection for the biped who rides or drives him; the animal will show a great deal of ingenuity in protecting his master from danger—witness the following "Instance of Docility!"

"A farmer was remarkable for two qualities—attachment to animals and getting tipsy. The horse he usually rode, or rather the one that usually walked by his side like a dog—for he seldom rode him—had been brought up by him from a foal. Once every week the owner went to a market some seven or eight miles distant from his home, and as invariably came home the worse for liquor, his potations in such cases being usually varied by sundry slumbers in the middle of the road. The horse was always by his side, and if any one approached, a warning neigh gave notice to be wary; no accident to the master ever occurred.

"One night a farmer of the neighbourhood was coming home when the well-known neigh informed him that J— was asleep in the mud. Determined to test the sagacity of the horse he removed the tipsy man from the middle of the road to the close vicinity of a ditch half filled with water, placing him in a position so that he nearly touched the water. He then remounted his own horse, rode onwards a short distance, when he tied his horse to a gate and returned to watch the result, which he found to be that the intoxicated man was lying far from the ditch

* "Nimrod," "Hunting Reminiscences."

where he had left him ; having had his coat torn by the teeth of his own horse when dragging him out of danger of drowning. The tipsy farmer's horse, which had previously been very friendly towards the experimenter, could not afterwards be brought to notice him otherwise than with aversion." *

An instance of vindictive memory may follow here showing how the horse remembers those who ill-treat him.

"I will relate a little circumstance which took place in Mexico a few years before I left there. One of my friends had a horse extremely gentle, and of such an easy agreeable gait, that he took the greatest care of him, and held him at a great price. A well-fed big and lusty friar was a friend to our neighbour: one who liked the good things of this world, as well as he liked to ride out to the small towns bordering upon the city of Mexico, and take a dinner with the bonny lasses and countrymen inhabiting those villages. He used to ask my friend to loan him his horse to take these excursions just around the capital; and, as his requests were granted with so good a grace, he, in a short time, went so far as to ask the loan of this favourite animal to go to Cuernavaca, a distance of eighteen leagues. As this happened pretty often, our friend complained to me one day of the indiscretion of the friar. I asked him if he could procure me a friar's dress for a few days, and leave his horse with me for the same time. He did so. I dressed myself in the friar's dress and went in where the horse was. I took a good whip in my hand and made him do penance for no other sin but that of too much gentleness. Going out I took off my friar's dress and went in again in my own dress, and handled him gently. I repeated the operation a few days, at the end of which I took the horse back to his master, and told him he might lend him to the friar whenever he pleased. A day or two after he came to my store. 'Your remedy,' said he, 'has had a marvellous effect. Our monk has just left my house, perfectly persuaded that my horse is possessed with the devil. For when the holy personage came up to take him by the bridle to get on him, he was so frightened, and wheeled round so quick, and flew away from him with so much terror, that one would have said he took him for the destroying angel.' The friar crossed himself many times, hurried away in all haste to the convent to sprinkle himself with holy water, and never asked my friend for his horse again." †

In this case the horse remembered the dress, not the features of the individual who used the whip on him. But horses can remember features as well as costumes.

The late General Pater of the East India Service was a remarkably fat man. While stationed at Madras he purchased a charger,

* Youatt, "The Horse."

† "Tachyhippodamia," by W. J. Fellow.

which, after a short trial, all at once betook himself to a trick of lying down whenever the general prepared to get upon his back. Every expedient was tried, without success, to cure him of the trick, and the laugh was so much against the general's corpulency that he found it convenient to dispose of his horse to a young officer quitting the settlement for a distant station up the country. Upwards of two years had subsequently elapsed when, in execution of his official duties, General Pater left Madras to inspect one of the frontier cantonments. He travelled, as is the custom in India, in his palankeen. The morning after his arrival at the station the troops were drawn out, and, as he had brought no horses it was proper to provide for his being suitably mounted, though it was not very easy to find a charger equal to his weight. At length an officer resigned to him a powerful horse for the occasion, which was brought out, duly caparisoned, in front of the line. The general came forth from his tent, and proceeded to mount; but the instant the horse saw him advance he flung himself flat upon the sand, and neither blows nor entreaties could induce him to rise. *It was the general's old charger*, who from the moment of quitting his service had never once practised the artifice until this second meeting. The general, who was an exceedingly good-humoured man, joined heartily in the universal shout that ran through the whole line on witnessing this ludicrous affair.**

The tricks of horses to procure little luxuries and indulgences are very clever.

"An orchard had been repeatedly stripped of its best and ripest fruit, and the marauders had laid their plans so cunningly that the strictest vigilance could not detect them. At last the depredators were discovered to be a mare and her colt which were turned out to graze among the trees. The mare was seen to go up to one of the apple-trees, and to throw herself against the trunk so violently that a shower of ripe apples came tumbling down. She and her offspring then ate the fallen apples, and the same process was repeated at another tree. Another mare had discovered the secret of the water-butt, and, whenever she was thirsty, was accustomed to go to the butt, turn the tap with her teeth, drink until her thirst was satisfied, and then to close the tap again. I have heard of two animals which performed this feat; but one of them was not clever enough to turn the tap back again, and used to let all the water run to waste."†

* "Penny Magazine," Vol. IX.

† Rev. J. G. Wood, "Illustrated Natural History."

CHAPTER XX.

ECCENTRIC LITERARY AND CLERICAL HORSEMEN.

LITERATURE has produced a few equestrian curiosities. So has the church. The typical fox-hunting parson has his opposite.

An absent-minded man was the eccentric poet Bowles, who resided at Bremhill, in Wiltshire. His chief mode of locomotion being on horseback, he was one day met by a friend walking leisurely along the road, book in hand, with the reins of his bridle hanging on his arm, and the head-piece with the bit trailing on the ground behind him.

"Why, Bowles!" exclaimed his friend, "what has become of your horse?"

"Behind me," was his reply, without taking the trouble to look back.

"Then he is an uncommon long way behind, Bowles, for I can see a mile of road; but no horse."

On this occasion, during one of his absent fits, while stopping and taking notes as he proceeded by the wayside, the chin stay being loose the horse had disengaged the bridle from his head without his master being aware of his movements. With all his eccentricities and wayside wanderings, nevertheless, Bowles, took good care to avoid meeting the foxhounds, although we were continually running through his parish.*

"Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who was a very fine horseman—and before he was promoted to the bench, always in the first flight when foxhounds were running—once said to the wisest wit of the last generation, "I understand, Mr. Sydney Smith, you object to clergymen riding on horseback." "Not," was the reply, "when they ride very badly and turn out their toes." For Sydney Smith took the *haute école* view of horsemanship.†

But Sydney Smith's doctrine was better than his practice, so far as riding was concerned. He certainly at various times kept horses, and even mounted them; but, after all, Sydney Smith was a very poor horseman. In the words of his daughter, Lady Holland, "Either from the badness of his horses or the badness of his riding, or perhaps from both (in spite of his various contrivances to keep himself in the saddle), he had several falls, and kept us in continual anxiety." In one of his letters Sydney Smith says: "I used to think a fall from a horse dangerous, but much experience has convinced me to the contrary. I have had six falls in two years, and behaved just like *the Three per Cents.* when they fall. I got up again, and am not a bit the worse for it, any more than

* "Recollections of a Foxhunter," by Scrutator.

† S. Sydney, "The Book of the Horse."

the stock in question. . . . I left off riding for the good of my parish and the peace of my family; for somehow or other my horse and I had a habit of parting company. On one occasion I found myself suddenly prostrate in the streets of York, much to the delight of the dissenters. Another time my horse, 'Calamity,' flung me over his head into a neighbouring parish, and I felt grateful it was not into a neighbouring planet; but as no harm came of it, I might have persevered perhaps, if, on a certain day, a quaker tailor from a neighbouring village to which I had said I was going to ride had not taken it into his head to call, soon after my departure, and requested to see Mrs. Sydney. She instantly conceiving I was thrown, if not killed, rushed down to the man, exclaiming, 'Where is he? Where is your master—is he hurt?' The astonished and quaking snip stood silent from surprise. Still more agitated by his silence she exclaimed, 'Is he hurt? I insist upon knowing the worst!' 'Why, please ma'am, it is only thy little bill, a very small account, I wanted thee to settle,' replied he in much surprise.

"After this, you may suppose, I sold my horse; however, it is some comfort to know that my friend, Sir George, is one fall ahead of me, and is certainly a worse rider. It is a great proof, too, of the liberality of this county, where everybody can ride as soon as they are born, that they tolerate me at all.

"The horse 'Calamity,' whose name has been thus introduced, was the firstborn of several young horses bred on the farm, who turned out very fine creatures, and gained him great glory even amongst the knowing farmers of Yorkshire; but this first production was certainly not encouraging. A huge, lank, large-boned foal appeared, of chestnut colour and with four white legs. It grew apace, but its bones became more and more conspicuous; its appetite was unbounded—grass, hay, corn, beans, food moist and dry, were all supplied in vain, and vanished down his throat with incredible rapidity. He stood a large, living skeleton, with famine written in his face, and my father christened him 'Calamity.' As 'Calamity' grew to maturity he was found to be as sluggish in disposition as his master was impetuous; so my father was driven to invent his patent 'Tantalus,' which consisted of a small sieve of corn suspended on a semicircular bar of iron, from the end of the shafts, just beyond the horse's nose. The corn rattling as the vehicle proceeded, stimulated 'Calamity' to unwonted exertions; and under the hope of overtaking this imaginary feed, he did more work than all the previous provender which had been poured down his throat had been able to obtain from him."*

Had the witty clergyman been compelled to ride long distances in the discharge of his duties he would probably have learnt what Nimrod called the "art of adhesiveness," that is, the knack

* By Lady Holland, "Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith."

of sticking to his saddle. In the back settlements of America, where ministers of the gospel have to travel long distances on horseback, they become quite knowing in all matters concerning horseflesh. Here is the testimony of a leading American periodical concerning these clerical horsemen :

"There are no better judges of horses than itinerant preachers in the United States. From the very necessities of their calling they are constantly dependent upon their services, and thus, naturally, become acquainted with all their good and bad qualities. We have one of these Backwoods' apostles in our mind's eye, whose circuit was in a south-western state. He was born in Virginia, and I have always suspected that his infant eyes opened upon a race track. Be that as it may, a certificate of character from him in favour of a horse was of commercial value. Indifferent about his personal comfort and personal appearance, he insisted upon being well mounted, and seemed always ready to 'run the good-race.'

"On one occasion he was pressing his way to a meeting when his progress was obstructed by a crowd in the road, engaged in the preliminaries of a scrub-race. Compelled to stop a moment, he involuntarily examined the cattle entered for the sport and spontaneously gave his opinion which one would win. Suddenly remembering that it was the Sabbath, he apologised for his worldly-mindedness and would have passed on, but the crowd had become uproarious, and nothing would do but the parson must stay and see the thing out. After some properly expressed repugnance he consented, on the condition that the Sabbath-breakers would accompany him to church and hear his sermon; this was agreed to without a dissenting voice. The parson fulfilled his contract with commendable zeal, and his constituents acted in like good faith. As a result, to use the language of one of the congregation, 'the parson, for their evident wickedness, used a moral curry-comb with such coarse teeth that he nearly took all the hair of their self-conceit off their backs.' Unfortunately for the lasting effects of the well-timed and excellent discourse the parson's horse, after the sermon was over, 'took the bit in his mouth and beat everything on the road,' in spite of all the owner's endeavours to restrain him. The more sober and discreet brethren professed to believe it was an untoward accident; but the sinners thought there was design in it, and singularly enough the parson's influence was greatly increased among this branch of his congregation."

ZIGZAGS.

A GENTLEMAN who had the credit of being a bit of a philosopher—was it Rousseau?—expressed his opinion that the best rule for the composition of *billets-doux*, an art which appears so easy to every one, was “to begin without knowing exactly what you are going to say, and finish without knowing what you really have said.” That is just our case.

It is rather interesting to run through the records of great people—their whims, foibles and eccentricities—and note their habits, dress and conversation. It is certain that we can oftener define a man's character and disposition by the way he treats trifling affairs than by the manner in which he handles a big question. Whether they are authors, poets, military commanders, artists, or even kings and queens, there is exhibited such a variety of character, such quaint turns of manner, and so many little peculiarities that will always attract our fancy and serve to amuse us during a spare half hour.

In this age of Blue Ribbon and Temperance movement it is a curious fact to reflect on, that some of our best productions in English literature emanated from hard drinkers. It is a melancholy reflection, but it is a true one. Take the case of Dryden, Steele, Fielding, Burns and many more. We got nothing from them except as the outcome of a jolly good drinking “bout.” Rabelais would point to his bottle and say, “Here is my source of inspiration; this is my cabalistic fountain, drinking I deliberate, deliberating I drink.” Although poor Southey can hardly be included in this company, he had a sneaking kindness for hot rum punch, with just a *souppçon* of black currant jelly. Byron never could get along at any price without the stimulating aid of gin and water—gin, too!—of all the common Seven-Dials, coarse, besotting drinks. Even honest, simple-minded Glück, the famous composer, could only manage matters with a bottle of champagne beside him. Indeed (tell it not in Gath), all the great composers of his period attributed their success to the influence of great excitement. In the case of Glück, when he wanted to wind himself up to a certain pitch and rouse his imagination, he would trot himself out into a beautiful part of the country, settle himself down on some lovely lawn or meadow, order out a piano and a bottle of champagne, and then—surrounded by all the beauties of nature and the grandeur of the scenery—compose such marvellous works as “Alcestis” and “Iphigenia in Aulis.” This should make the chief apostle of the “Liberty and Property Defence League,” Lord Bramwell, chuckle, for in his clever pamphlet on

"Drink" just published, he contends that it "*cheers, and if you take too much, inebriates.*"

That unique, elegant, scholarly and generally admitted best specimen of English composition—to wit—the "*Spectator*," was produced by Addison by means of sundry bottles of sherry. The work was written at Holland House, and the author would insist on having a glass placed at each end of the room, so that as he paced to and fro he could reward himself when an unusually bright passage suggested itself. This really seems a capital idea and appears to have been a most comfortable arrangement! Blackstone wrote his "*Commentaries*" with the aid of good old port wine, and as for Goldsmith, his little ways were notorious. He drank nothing but madeira while working out that most charming specimen of prose the "*Vicar of Wakefield*." The story goes that Dr. Johnson, happening to visit him just as the "*Vicar*" was finished, perceiving its cleverness, snatched up the manuscript and rushed off to a bookseller for payment. He brought back £60. The first thing that Goldie did, on receipt of his money, was to call on his landlady, and insist on her joining him in a "*jorum*" of punch. It is not altogether impossible that more than one dose was administered to the lodger and the landlady!

Then, again, is it not amusing to observe the tastes and antipathies of these great people? Quin, the actor, confessed that he once took the stage from Bath to London for the express purpose of eating a John Dory, which had been secured for him by one of his friends. Dr. Parr had a craze for hot-boiled lobsters. Ben Jonson had a *penchant* for Canary wine. The Doctor of dictionary renown would devour three parts of a leg of mutton—and ask for more. Lampreys were the death of King Henry I. George III. preferred fish when nearly in a putrid condition. The Fourth king of that name indulged in an extraordinary weakness for hot plum bread with a cream sauce, and an Illustrious Lady now holding the reins as Sovereign of the British Isles would not, if her own taste were consulted, trouble her *chef* of the Windsor kitchen further than to be supplied every day in the year with a boiled haddock and a roast loin of Southdown mutton!

Antipathies exhibited by people, otherwise plucky and daring, are very funny, though doubtless real pain and fear were experienced by the victims: Marshal Saxe, who would have fought any odds and led a forlorn hope, if needs be, took to his heels at the sight of a cat, and Turenne trembled like an aspen leaf at the sight of a crawling spider. Thunder threw Cæsar into convulsions. King James I. grew pale and fainted right away at the sight of a drawn sword. Physiologists connect this fact with the murder of Rizzio. Many persons known to the writer of this paper have such a painful horror of razors that they have been known to faint while under the hands of Figaro. The harmless domestic cat paralyzes many without being seen; they know instinctively

that they are present in the room—and it is well known that a hare or fox will make men change colour and quiver all over from convulsive action.

Some celebrities have exposed their weaknesses in a most absurd manner. No one dared, in the presence of the great Talleyrand, to use the word "death;" and his valet, as he valued his place, took very good care never to allow letters to be placed on his writing table sealed with black wax! Byron, with all his cleverness, showed great weakness of character, and almost was entitled to be "written down an ass." He indulged in superstitions to such an extent as to believe in dreams, omens, and apparitions; he had an aversion to commence anything on a Friday, and carried his fancy so far as to forbid his tailor to leave a brand-new suit of clothes at his house on that unlucky day. This objection to have anything to do with a Friday is by no means uncommon, for skippers know it is useless to try and convince Jack Tar to sail on that day. Some years ago, a capitalist, a thorough hater of all omens, in order to show his contempt for such matters, tried to convince his friends of the absurdity of treating "Fridays" thus. He laid a ship on the stocks on a Friday, he christened it Friday, launched it on a Friday, started on the first voyage on a Friday, but—received the intelligence that it had foundered at sea on a Friday!

Can the reader imagine a Lord High Chancellor of England, the keeper of the King's conscience, enjoying the buffooneries of a pantomime? Lord Eldon became an old man before he could be induced to see one at Drury Lane Theatre. His Lordship, however, being at last persuaded to go to the play, was so tickled with Grimaldi's antics in "Mother Goose" that he went eleven nights consecutively. The hero of Waterloo, too, had his "fad." The Duke never missed the first day of the exhibition of a new monster at a show, whether it was a fat boy, or a three-legged calf, or what not. One day, however, he had his eyes opened, for the showman positively refused his shilling, excusing himself by saying, "Why! it's only the old sarpint with a fresh set of spots painted on him!"

The late Master of the Rolls, Sir Samuel Romilly, was dreadfully afraid of being in the dark, and confesses in his autobiography that he never could sleep without previously looking under his bed.

It is interesting to learn under what circumstances our great authors would set to their work. Dryden was always cupped and well physicked before he undertook a big affair; Milton composed "Paradise Lost" in bed; and Jean Jacques Rousseau could do nothing whatever unless he was figged out in the extreme fashion of the day, and even then he would insist on writing on gilt paper. Mrs. Radcliffe, in order to prepare herself and her readers for horrors and ghastly mysteries, would sup on half-raw meat. Sir Walter Scott did most of his work before breakfast. Bishop Wilberforce and Dr. Johnson could write at any time and any hour of the day. Balzac drank strong coffee night and day—it killed him!

Vanity, self-esteem, and love of finery were conspicuous in some of the celebrities. Cæsar decked himself with a laurel wreath to hide his baldness, and Cicero was proud of his epigram, which freely translated, runs "Rome was lucky indeed to have me for her consul." Every one knows that Goldsmith liked to wear a peach-blossomed coat, but every one is aware, too, that it was only his fad; for, with all his faults, Goldie had not an atom of conceit. Byron boasted of his hands, and Mozart stuck a gay ribbon on his flowing tresses. Buffon and Voltaire both indulged in the taste for dress, wearing lace and fine jewels like any grand lady of the period; Buffon carried his effeminacy still further, for the portraits of the great naturalist show that he wore his hair at times *en papillote*. Some, however, could hardly afford to be vain, seeing how cruelly Dame Nature had afflicted their persons; Pope had such a crooked figure that he was compared to a note of interrogation; Sir Walter Scott was lame, and Byron could scarcely be said to be well on his feet.

It is some consolation to the small fry that in their first essays at literature many, if not most, successful authors have been rejected and declined "with thanks," to wit—Macaulay, Lord Brougham, Carlyle, and even George Eliot. In the case of Carlyle his "Sartor Resartus"—probably the cleverest thing he ever wrote—was sent about begging for a long time; "Vanity Fair" met with the same fate. Charlotte Brontë, the authoress of "Jane Eyre," was in despair of ever making herself known, her famous novel having gone the round of many publishers before it met with an appreciative "reader."

How rapidly some of the choice specimens of our literature have been put together! Look at Johnson's "Rasselas;" a week saw it finished. Byron wrote the "Corsair" in thirteen days while residing in Albemarle Street; Scott wrote the first volume of "Waverley" in three weeks, Ainsworth wrote "Dick Turpin" in one night without interruption, and as for Burns, he out-did them all—he put the immortal "Tam o' Shanter" together between dinner and tea!

EDW. DRURY.

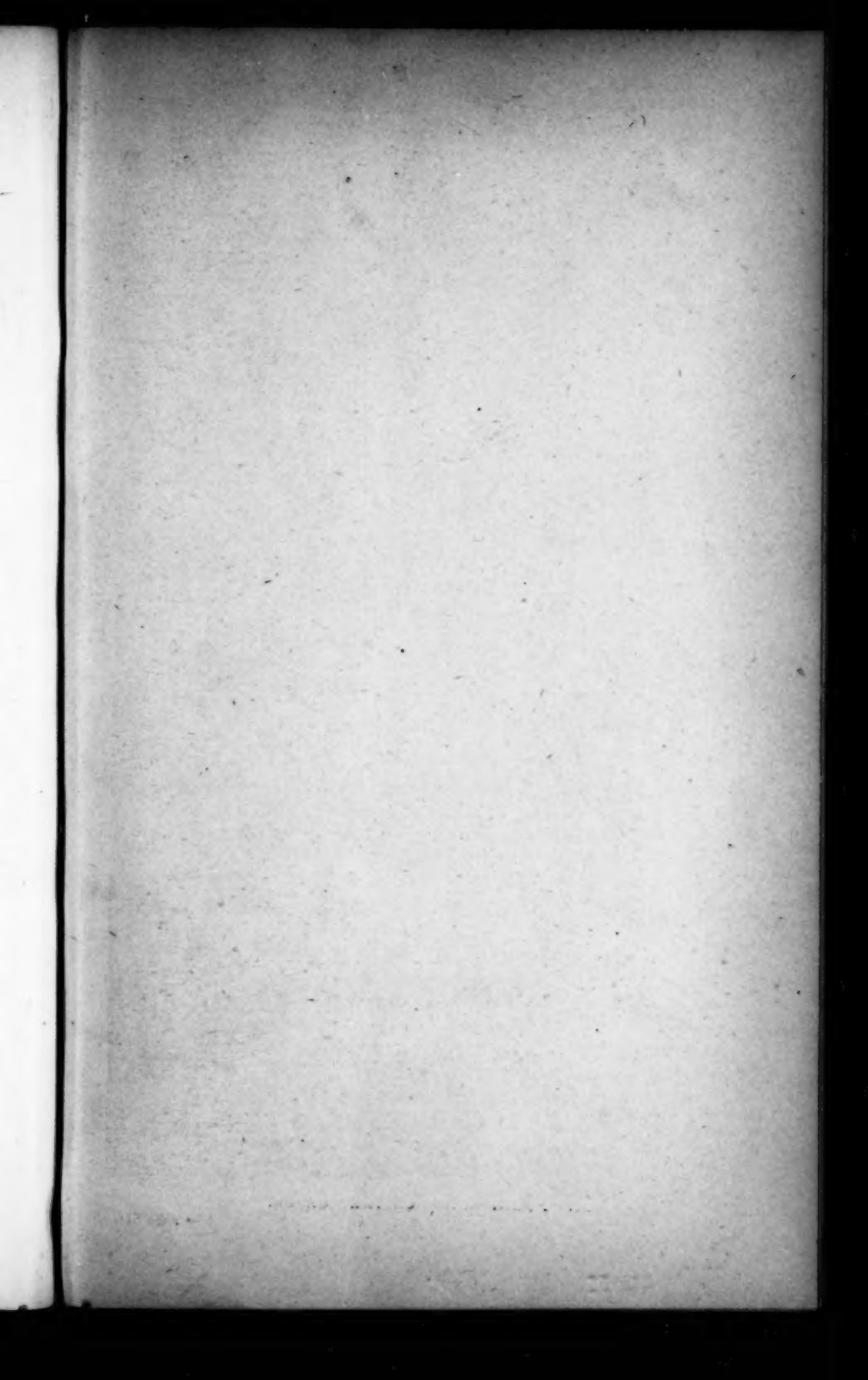
IN FAIRY-LAND.

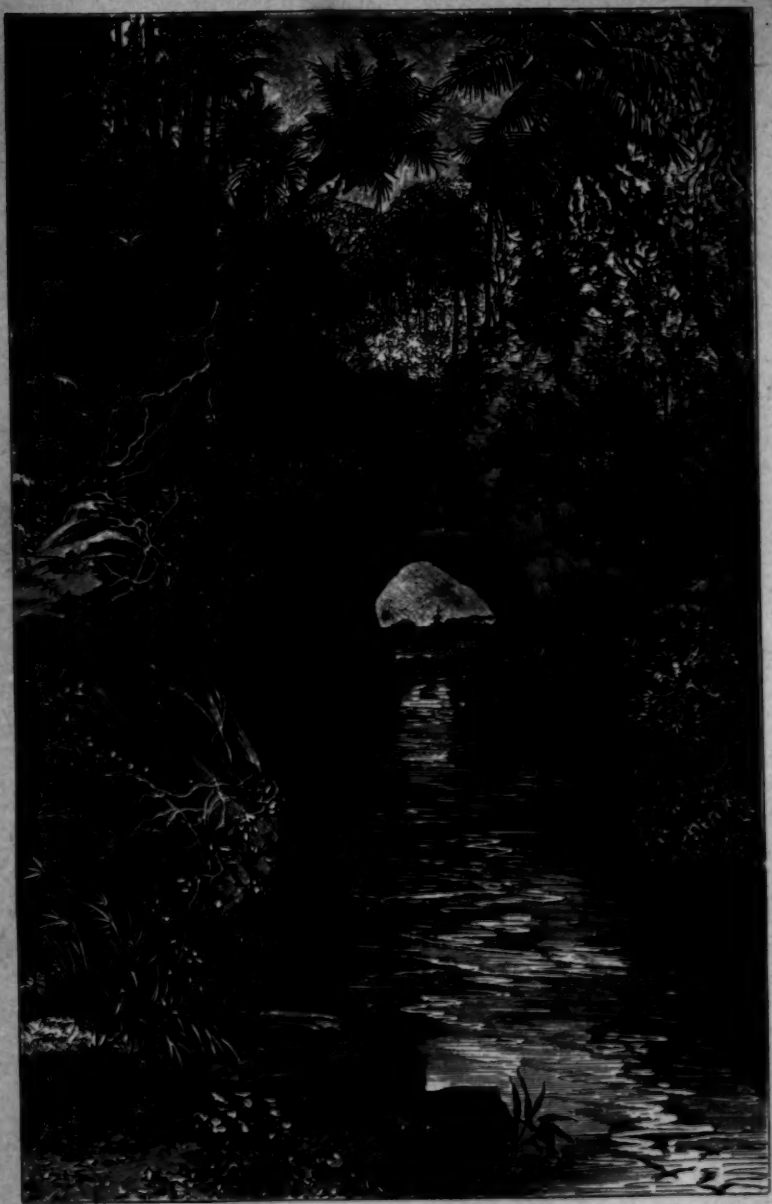
IN Fairy-land—the fable runneth so—
Beneath the moon's pale rays, in days of yore,
Young Cupid wandered blithely to and fro,
In Fairy-land.

And where his feet had trod the meadows bore
A purple flower, which maidens plucked, and lo!
It changed into a prince, with wealth galore.

Thus each fair nymph obtained a loving beau
Who shortly led her to the church's door,
And they were wed—but this was long ago,
In Fairy-land.

E. C. SMALES.





AN "ISLAND-EDEN" ON THE AMAZON.

[See page 611.]